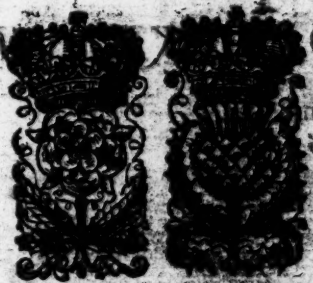
HUDIBRAS.

THE FIRST PART.

Written in the time of the late Wars



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HUDIBRAS.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST CANTO.

Sir Hudibras *his passing worth,*
The manner how he sally'd forth:
His Arms and Equipage are shown:
His Horse's Vertues, and his own.
Th' Adventure of the Bear *and* Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.

CANTO I.

WHen *Civil Dudgeon* first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why;
When hard words, *Jealousies*, and *Fears*,
Set Folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad, or Drunk,
For Dame *Religion*, as for Punk,

Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore;
When *Gospel-Trumpeter*, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to Battel sounded,
And Pulpit, Drum Ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick:
Then did Sir *Knight* abandon dwelling,
And out he rode Colonelling.

A Wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him *Mirrour of Knighthood*:
That never bow'd his stubborn knee,
To any thing but Chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right Worshipful on shoulder blade:
Chief of Domestick Knights, and Errant,
Either for Chattel or for Warrant:
Great on the Bench, Great in the Saddle,
That could as well bind o're, as swaddle:
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styl'd of *War* as well as *Peace*.
(So some Rats of amphibious nature,
Are either for the Land or Water.)
But here our Authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wise or stout.
Some hold the one, and some the other:
But howsoe're they make a pother,

The

The difference was so small, his Brain
Outweigh'd his Rage but half a grain:
Which made some take him for a Tool
That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.
For't has been held by many, that
As *Mountaigne*, playing with his Cat,
Complains she thought him but an Asse,
Much more she would Sir *Hudibras*.
But they'r mistaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was no such,
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shie of using it,
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore wore it not about,
Unless on Holydayes, or so,
As men their best Apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he could speak *Greek*,
As naturally as Pigs squeek:
That *Latine* was no more difficile,
Than to a Blackbird 'tis to whistle.
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted,
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.
For *Hebrew* Roots, although th'are found
To flourish most in barren ground.
He had such plenty, as suffic'd
To make some think him circumcis'd:

And truly so he was perhaps,
Not as a *Proselyte*, but for *Claps*,

He was in *Logick* a great Critick,
Profoundly skill'd in Analytick.
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt South and South-west side:
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of Argument, a Man's no Horse.
He'd prove a Buzzard is no Fowl,
And that a *Lord* may be an Owl;
A Calf an *Alderman*, a *Goose* a *Justice*,
And Rooks *Committee-men*, and *Trustees*.
He'd run in Debt by Disputation:
And pay with Ratiocination.
All this by Syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.

For *Rhetorick*, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a Trope:
And when he hapned to break off
I'th middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready, to shew why,
And tell what Rules he did it by,
Else, when with greatest Art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folke.

But when he pleas'd to shew't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich,
A *Babylonish* Dialect,
Which learned Pedants much affect.
It was a parti-colour'd dress
Of patch'd and pyball'd Languages:
'Twas *English* cut on *Greek* and *Latin*,
Like Fustian heretofore on Sattin.

It had an odd promiscuous Tone,
As if h'had task'd three parts in one.
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three Labourers of *Babel*;
Or *Cerberus* himself pronounce
A Leash of Languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent,
As if his stock would ne're be spent.
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large.
For he could coyn, or counterfeit
New words, with little, or no wit:
Words so debas'd, and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on.
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The Ignorant for current took 'em.

In *Mathematicks* he was greater
Than *Tycho Brahe*, or *Erra Pater*:

For he by *Geometrick* Scale,
Could take the size of *Pots of Ale*;
Resolve by Sines and Tangents straight,
If *Bread* or *Butter* wanted weight;
And wisely tell what hour o'th' day
The Clock does strike, by *Algebra*.
Beside, he was a shrewd *Philosopher*,
And had read every Text, and glosse over:
What every *Sceptick* could inquete for;
For every *Why*, he had a *Wherefore*;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go.
All which he understood by Rote,
And, as occasion serv'd, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong:
They might be either said, or sung.
His Notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as great Clerks have done.
He'd tell where Entity, and Quiddity,
The Ghosts of Defunct Bodies, flie;
Where Truth in Person does appear,
Like words congeal'd in Northern Air.
He knew *what's what*, and that's as high
As *Metaphysick* Wit can flie.
In *School-Divinity* as able
As he that hight *Irrefragable*;

A second *Thomas*, or, at once
To name them all, another *Dunce*.
For he a Rope of sand could twist,
As tough as Learned *Sorbonist*;
And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for skull
That's empty when the Moon is full;
Such as take lodgings in a Head
That's to be let unfurnished.
He could raise Scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice:
As if Divinity had catch'd
The Itch, of purpose to be scratch'd:
Or, like a Mountebank, did wound
And stab her self with doubts profound,
Only to shew with how small pain
The sores of faith are cur'd again;
Although by woful proof we find,
They alwayes leave a Scar behind.
He knew the seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies:
What *Adam* dreamt of when his Bride
Came from her Closet in his side:
Whether the Devil tempted her
By a *High Dutch* Interpreter:
If either of them had a Navel;
Who first made Musick malleable:
Whether the Serpent at the Fall
Had cloven Feet, or none at all.

All

All this, without a Gloſſe or Comment,
He would unriddle in a moment
In proper terms, ſuch as men ſmatter
When they throw out and miſſe the matter.

For his *Religion* it was fit
To match his Learning and his Wit:
'Twas *Presbyterian* true blew,
For he was of that ſtubborn Crew
Of Errant Saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church *Militant*,
Such as do build their Faith upon
The holy Text of *Pike* and *Gun*;
Decide all Controverſies by
Infallible *Artillery*;
And prove their Doctrine Orthodox
By Apoſtolick *Blows* and *Knocks*;
Call Fire, and Sword, and Deſolation,
A *Godly-thorough-Reformation*,
Which alwayes muſt be carry'd on,
And ſtill be doing, never done:
As if Religion were intended
For nothing elſe but to be mended.

A Sect, whoſe chief Devotion lies
In odde perverſe Antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding ſomewhat ſtill amiſs:

More

More peeviſh, croſſe, and ſpleenatick,
Then Dog diſtract, or Monky ſick:
That with more care keep holy-day
The wrong, then others the right way:
Still ſo perverſe and oppoſite,
As if they worſhipp'd God for ſpight,
The ſelf-ſame thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Free-will they one way diſavow,
Another, nothing elſe allow.
All Piety conſiſts therein
In them, in other men all Sin.

Rather then faile, they will defie
That which they love moſt tenderly,
Quarrel with *minc'd Pyes*, and diſparrage
Their beſt and deareſt friend, *Plum-porredge*;
Fat *Pig* and *Gooſe* it ſelf oppoſe,
And blaſpheme *Cuſtard* through the *Noſe*.
Th' Apoſtles of this fierce Religion,
Like *Mahomet's*, were Aſſe and Wigeon.
To whom our Knight by faſt inſtinct
Of wit and temper was ſo linkt,
As if Hypocriſie and non-ſenſe,
Had got the Advouſon of his Conſcience.

Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on th' inſide, not the outward:

That

That next of all we shall discuss;
Then listen, Sirs, it followeth thus.

His tawny *Beard* was th' equall grace
Both of his wisdome and his face;
In Cut and Dy so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile:
The upper part thereof was Whey,
The nether Orange mixt with Gray.

This hairy Meteor did denounce
The fall of Scepters and of Crowns;
With grizly type did represent
Declining Age of Government;
And tell with Hieroglyphick Spade,
Its own grave and the State's were made.
Like *Sampson's* Heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a Nation rue;
Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the publick downfall.
It was Monastick, and did grow
In holy Orders, by strict vow;
Of Rule as sullen and severe,
As that of rigid *Cordeliers*.
'Twas bound to suffer Persecution
And Martyrdom with resolution
T' oppose it self against the
And vengeance of th' inc

In whoſe defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot Irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and ſpit upon, and martyr'd.
Maugre all which, 'twas to ſtand faſt,
As long as Monarchy ſhould laſt.
But when the ſtate ſhould hap to reel,
'Twas to ſubmit to fatal ſteel,
And fall as it was conſecrate
A Sacrifice to fall of State;
Whoſe thred of life the fatal Siſters
Did twiſt together with its whiskers,
And twine ſo cloſe, that time ſhould never,
In life or death, their fortunes ſever;
But with his ruſty ſickle mow
Both down together at a blow.

So learned *Talicotius* from
The brawny part of Porter's Bum,
Cut ſupplemental Noſes, which
Would laſt as long as Parent breech:
But when the Date of *Nock* was out,
Off dropt the Sympatherick Snout.

His *Back*, or rather Burthen, ſhow'd
As if it ſtoop'd with its own load.
For as *Æneas* bore his Sire
Upon his ſhoulders through the fire:

Our

Our Knight did bear no less a Pack
Of his own Buttocks on his back:
Which now had almost got the upper-
Hand of his Head, for want of Crupper.
To poize this equally, he bore
A *Paunch* of the same bulk before:
Which still he had a special care
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare;
As White-pot, Butter-milk, and Curds,
Such as a Country house affords;
With other Victual, which anon
We further shall dilate upon,
When of his Hose we come to treat,
The Cup-bord where he kept his meat.

His *Doublet* was of sturdy Buff,
And though not Sword-yet Cudgel-proof;
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
That fear'd no blows but such as bruise.

His *Breeches* were of rugged woolen,
And had been at the siege of *Bullen*;
To old King *Harry* so well known,
Some writers held they were his own.
Through they were lin'd with many a piece
Of Ammunition-Bread and Cheese,
And fat black puddings, proper food
For Warriers that delight in blood,

For

For, as we ſaid, He alwayes choſe
To carry Vittle in his hoſe.
And though Knights Errant, as ſome think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Becauſe when thorough Deſerts vaſt
And Regions deſolate they paſt,
Where Belly-timber above ground
Or under was not to be found,
Unleſs they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their Proviſion on Record:
Which made ſome confidently write,
They had no ſtomachs but to fight.
'Tis falſe: For *Arthur* wore in Hall
Round-table like a Farthingal,
On which, with ſhirt pull'd out behind;
And eke before, his good Knights din'd,
Though 'twas no Table, ſome ſuppoſe,
But a huge pair of round Trunk-hoſe;
In which he carried as much meat
As he and all his Knights could eat,
When laying by their ſwords and truncheons,
They took their Breakfaſts and their Nuncheons.
But let that paſſe at preſent, leſt
We ſhould forget where we digreſt;
As learned Authors uſe, to whom
We leave it, and to the purpoſe come.
His puiſſant *Sword* unto his ſide
Near his undanted heart was ty'd,

With Basket-hilt, that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both.
In it he melted lead for Bullets,
To shoot at Foes; and sometimes Pullets,
To whom he bore so fell a Grutch,
He ne'r gave quarter t' any such.
The trenchant blade, *Toledo* trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into it self for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack.

The peaceful *Scabbard* where it dwelt,
The Rancour of its Edge had felt:
For of the lower end two handful
It had devour'd, 'twas so manful;
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not shew its face.
In many desperate Attempts,
Of Warrants, Exigents, Contempts,
It had appear'd with Courage bolder
Than Sergeant *Bum*, invading shoulder.
Oft had it ta'ne possession,
And Pris'ners too, or made them run.

This sword a *Dagger* had his Page,
That was but little for his age:
And therefore waited on him so,
As Dwarfs upon Knights Errant do.

It was a serviceable Dudgeon,
Either for fighting, or for drudging,
When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
It would scrape Trenchers, or chip bread,
Toast Cheese, or Bacon, though it were
To bait a Mouse-trap, 'twould not care.
'Twould make clean shooes, and in the Earth
Set Leeks and Onions, and so forth.
It had been Prentice to a Brewer,
Where this, and more it did endure,
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same score.

In th' Holsters at his Saddle-bow,
Two aged *Pistolls* he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his Hose he could not get.
These would inveigle Rats with th' scent,
To forrage when the Cocks were bent,
And sometime catch 'em with a snap,
As cleverly as the ablest trap.
They were upon hard Duty still,
And every night stood Centinel,
To guard the Magazine i'th' Hose,
From two-legg'd, and from four-legg'd Foes.

Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home set forth to fight;

But first with nimble active force,
He got on th' outside of his *Horse*.
For having but one stirrup ty'd
T' his Saddle, on the further side,
It was so short, he had much ado
To reach it with his desperate toe,
But after many strains and heaves,
He got up to the Saddle eaves.
From whence he vaulted into th' seat
With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over,
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and mane,
Which oft he us'd instead of rein.

But now we talk of mounting Steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to say something,
Of that which bore our valiant *Bumkin*.

The Beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall,
I would say eye, for h' had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his Gate
Preserv'd a grave, majestick state.
At spur or switch no more he skipt,
Or mended pace, than *Spaniard* whipt:

And

And yet so fiery, he would bound,
As if he griev'd to touch the ground:
That *Cæsar*'s Horse, who, as fame goes,
Had Corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender-hoof'd,
Nor trod upon the ground so soft:
And as that Beast would kneel and stoop,
(Some write) to take his Rider up:
So *Hudibras* his (*'tis well known*)
Would often do, to set him down.

We shall not need to say what lack
Of Leather was upon his back;
For that was hidden under Pad,
And breech of Knight, gall'd full as bad.
His trusting Ribbs on both sides show'd,
Like Furrows he himself had plow'd;
For underneath the skirt of Pannel,
'Twixt every two there was a channel.
His dragling Tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his Rider he would flurt,
Still as his tender side he prickt
With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd kickt:
For *Hudibras* wore but one spur,
As wisely knowing, could he stir
To active trot one side of's Horse,
The other would not hang an-arse.

A *Squire* he had, whose name was *Ralph*,
That in th' Adventure went his half.
(Though Writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him *Ralpho*; 'tis all one:
And when we can with Meeter safe,
We'l call him so, if not, plain *Raph*,
For Rhyme the Rudder is of Verses,
With which, like Ships, they steer their courses)
An equal Rock of Wit and Valour
He had laid in, by birth a Taylor.
The mighty *Tyrian* Queen that gain'd
With subtle shreds a tract of Land,
Did leave it, with a Castle fair,
To his great Ancestor, her heir:
From him descended cross-legg'd Knights,
Fam'd for their faith, and warlike fights
Against the bloody Cannibal,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
This sturdy Squire had as well
As the bold *Trojan* Knight, seen Hell,
Not with a counterfeited Pass
Of golden bough, but true gold-lace.
His *Knowledge* was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't:
Some call it *Gifts*, and some *New Light*,
A Liberal Art, that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.

His

His wits were ſent him for a Token,
But in the Carriage crackt and broken,
Like Commendation Nine-pence, crookt
With to and from my Love, it lookt.
He ne're conſider'd it, as loath
To look a gift-horſe in the mouth;
And very wiſely would lay forth
No more upon it then 'twas worth.
But as he got it freely, ſo
He ſpent it frank and freely too.
For Saints themſelves will ſometimes be
Of Gifts that coſt them nothing free.
By means of this, with *hem* and *cough*,
Prolongers to enlightned Snuff,
He could deep Myſteries unriddle,
As eaſily as thread a Needle:
For as of Vagabonds we ſay,
That they are ne're beſide their way;
What e're men ſpeak by this *new Light*,
Still they are ſure to be i'th' right.
'Tis a *dark Lanthorn* of the Spirit,
Which none ſee by but thoſe that bear it:
A Light that falls down from on high,
For Spiritual Trades to couſen by:
An *Ignis fatuus*, that bewitches,
And leads men into Pools and Ditches,
To make them *dip* themſelves, and ſound
For Chriſtendome in Dirty pond;

To dive like Wild-fowle for Salvation,
And fish to catch Regeneration.
This Light inspires, and plays upon
The nose of Saint, like Bag-pipe-drone,
And speaks through hollow empty soul,
As through a Trunk, or whisp'ring hole,
Such language, as no mortal ear
But spiritual Eaves-droppers can hear.
So *Phœbus* or some friendly Muse
Into small Poets Song infuse;
Which they at second hand rehearse
Through reed or bag-pipe, verse for verse.

Thus *Ralph* became infallible,
As three or four-legg'd Oracle,
The antient Cup, or modern Chair;
Spoke truth point blank, though unaware:
For mystick Learning, wondrous able
In Magick, *Talisman*, and *Cabal*,
Whose Primitive tradition reaches
As far as *Adam*'s first green breeches:
Deep-sighted in Intelligences,
Idea's, Atomes, Influences;
And much of *Terra Incognita*;
Th' Intelligible world could say:
A deep occult Philosopher,
As learn'd as the *Wild Irish* are,

Or

Or Sir *Agrippa*; for profound
And solid Lying much renown'd,
He *Anthroposophus*, and *Floud*,
And *Jacob Behmen* understood;
Knew many an Amulet and Charm;
That would do neither good nor harm:
In *Rosy-Crucian* Lore as learned,
As he that *Verè adeptus* earned.
He understood the speech of Birds,
As well as they themselves do words;
Could tell what subtlest *Parrots* mean,
That speak and think contrary clean;
What *Member* 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry *Rope*, and *Walk*, *Knave*, *Walk*;
He'd extract numbers out of matter;
And keep them in a Glasse, like water,
Of sov'raign pow'r to make men wise;
For dropt in blere, thick-sighted eyes,
They'd make them see in darkest night,
Like Owls, though pur-blind in the light.
By help of these (as he profest)
He had *First Matter* seen undrest;
He took her naked all alone,
Before one Rag of *Form* was on.
The *Chaos* too he had descry'd,
And seen quite through, or else he ly'd:
Not that of Past-board which men shew
For Groats at *Fair of Bartholmew*;

But its great Grandsire, first o'th' name,
Whence that and *Reformation* came:
Both Cousin-germans, and right able
T' inveigle and draw in the Rabble.
But *Reformation* was, some say,
O'th' younger house to *Puppet-play*,
He could fore-tell whats'oever was
By consequence to come to pass.
As Death of Great men, Alterations,
Diseases, Battels, Inundations.
All this without th' ecclipse of Sun,
Or dreadful Comet, he hath done,
By inward light, a way as good,
And easie to be understood.
But with more luckie hit then those
That use to make the Stars depose,
Like *Knights* o' th' Post, and falsely charge
Upon themselves what others forge:
As if they were consenting to
All Mischief in the World men do;
Or like the Dev'l, did tempt and sway 'm
To Rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'l search a Planet's house, to know
Who broke and robb'd a house below:
Examine *Venus*, and the *Moon*,
Who stole a thimble, or a spoon:
And though they nothing will confesse,
Yet by their very looks can guesse,

And

And tell what guilty Aſpect bodes,
Who ſtole, and who receiv'd the goods.
They'l queſtion *Mars*, and by his look
Detect who 'twas that nimb'd a Cloke:
Make *Mercury* confeſs and peach
Thoſe thieves which he himſelf did teach.
They'l find i'th' Phyſiognomies
O'th' Planets all mens deſtinies:
Like him that took the Doctor's Bill,
And ſwallow'd it inſtead o'th' Pill.
Caſt the nativity o'th' Queſtion,
And from Poſitions to be gueſt on,
As ſure as if they knew the moment
Of Natives birth, tell what will come on't.
They'l feel the Pulſes of the Stars,
To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs;
And tell what *Criſis* does divine
The Rot in Sheep, or Mange in Swine:
In Men what gives or cures the Itch,
What makes them Cuckolds, poor or rich:
What gains or loſes, hangs or ſaves;
What makes men great, what fools or knaves;
But not what wiſe, for only of thoſe
The Stars (they ſay) cannot diſpoſe,
No more then can the Aſtrologians.
There they ſay right, and like true *Trojans*.
This *Ralpho* knew, and therefore took
The other courſe, of which we ſpoke.

Thus

Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endu'd
With Gifts and Knowledge, perilous shrewd.
Never did trusty Squire with Knight,
Or Knight with Squire jump more right.
Their Arms and Equipage did fit,
As well as Vertues, parts, and wit.
Their Valours too were of a Rate,
And out they sally'd at the Gate.
Few miles on horseback had they jogged,
But fortune unto them turn'd dogged.
For they a sad Adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat:
But e're we venture to unfold
Atchievments so resolv'd and bold,
We should, as learned Poets use,
Invoke th' assistance of some *Muse*;
However Criticks count it sillier
Then Juglers talking too Familiar.
We think 'tis no great matter which:
They're all alike: yet we shall pitch
On one that fits our purpose most,
Whom therefore thus we do accost.

Thou that with Ale, or viler liquors,
Didst inspire *Withers*, *Pryn*, and *Vickars*
And force them, though it were in spight
Of nature and their stars to write;

Who,

Who, as we find in sullen Writs,
And cross-grain'd Works of modern Wits,
With vanity, opinion, want,
The wonder of the Ignorant,
The praises of the Author, penn'd,
By himself, or wit-ensuring friend,
The Itch of Picture in the Front,
With Bays, and wicked Rhyme upon't,
All that is left o'th' forked Hill
To make men scribble without skill,
Canst make a Poet, spight of fate,
And teach all people to translate;
Though out of Languages in which
They understand no part of speech:
Assist me but this once, I'm plore,
And I shall ne'r double thee no more.

In Western Clime there is a Town
To those that dwell therein well known;
Therefore there needs no more be said here,
We unto them refer our Reader:
For brevity is very good,
When w'are, or are not understood.
To this Town People did repair
On dayes of Market, or of Fair,
And to crack'd Fiddle, and hoarse Tabor
In merriment did drudge and labour:

But

But now a sport more formidable,
Had rak'd together Village Rabble.
'Twas an old way of Recreating,
Which learned Butchers call *Bearbaiting*:
A bold advent'rous exercise,
With antient *Hero's* in high prize;
For Authors do affirm it came
From *Isthmian* or *Nemean* game.
Others derive it from the *Bear*
That's fixt in Northern Hemisphere,
And round about the Pole does make
A circle, like a Bear at stake,
That at the Chain's end wheels about,
And overturns the Rabble-rout.
For after solemn proclamation
In the Bear's name (as is the fashion,
According to the Law of Arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms)
That none presume to come so near
As forty foot of stake of Bear;
If any yet be so fool-hardy,
T' expose themselves to vain Jeopardy;
If they come wounded off and lame,
No honours got by such a maim.
Although the Bear gain much, b'ing bound
In honour to make good his ground,
When he's engag'd, and take no notice,
If any press upon him, who 'tis

But

But let them know, at their own coſt,
That he intends to keep his poſt.
This to prevent, and other harms,
Which alwayes waits on feats of Arms,
(For in the hurry of a Fray,
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way)
Thither the *Knight* his courſe did ſteer,
To keep the peace 'twixt *Dog* and *Bear*;
As he believ'd h' was bound to do,
In Conſcience, and Commiſſion too.
And therefore thus beſpoke the Squire;

We that are wiſely mounted higher
Than Conſtables, in Curule wit,
When on tribunal bench we ſit,
Like Speculators, ſhould foreſee,
From *Pharos* of Authority,
Portended miſchiefs farther then
Low Proletarian tithing-men.
And therefore, being inform'd by bruit,
That *Dog* and *Bear* are to diſpute;
For ſo of late men fighting name,
Becauſe they often prove the ſame;
(For where the firſt does hap to be,
The laſt does *coincidere*)
Quantum in nobis, have thought good,
To ſave th' expence of Chriſtian blood,

And

And try if we by meditation
Of treaty and accommodation
Can end the Quarrel, and compose
The bloody Duel without blows.
Are not our Liberties, our Lives,
The Laws, Religion, and our Wives,
Enough at once to lye at stake,
For *Cov'nant*, and the *Cause's* sake;
But in that quarrel *Dogs* and *Bears*,
As well as we, must venture theirs?
This feud by *Jesuits* invented,
By *Evil Counsel* is fomented.
There is a *Machiavillian* Plot,
(Though ev'ry *nare olfacit* not)
A deep design in't, to divide
The well-affected, that confide,
By setting brother against brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not Enemies *plus satis*,
That *Cane & angue pejus* hate us?
And shall we turn our fangs and claws
Upon our own selves, without cause?
That some occult design doth lye,
In bloody *Cynomachy*,
Is plain enough to him that knows
How Saints dead brothers by the nose.
I wish my self a Pseudo-Prophet,
But sure some mischief will come of it:

Unless

Unless by providential wit,
Or force we averruncate it.
For what design, what interest
Can beast have to encounter beast?
They fight for no espoused *Cause*,
Frail *Priviledge*, *Fundamental Laws*;
Nor for a *thorough Reformation*;
Nor *Covenant*, nor *Protestation*;
Nor for free *Liberty of Conscience*;
Nor Lords and Commons *Ordinances*;
Nor for the *Church*, nor for *Church-Lands*,
To get them in their own no hands;
Nor *Evil Counsellors* to bring
To Justice, that seduce the King:
Nor for the worship of us men,
Though we have done as much for them.
Th' *Ægyptians* worshipp'd *Dogs*, and for
Their faith made internecine war:
Others ador'd a *Rat*, and some
For that Church suffer'd Martyrdome.
The *Indians* fought for the truth
Of th' *Elephant*, and *Monkey's* tooth:
And many, to defend that faith,
Fought it out *Mordicus* to death.
But no beast ever was so slighs,
For man, as for his God, to fight;
They have more wit, alas! and know
Themselves, and us better than so.

But

But we, we onely do infuse
The Rage in them like *Bonte-feus.*
'Tis our example that inſtills
In them th' infection of our ills.
For, as ſome late Philoſophers
Have well obſerv'd, Beaſts that converſe
With Man, take after him, as Hogs
Get Pigs all th' year, and Bitches Dogs.
Juſt ſo by our example Cattel
Learn to give one another battel.
We read in *Nero's* time, the Heathen,
When they deſtroy'd the *Chriſtian brethren,*
They ſow'd them in the skins of Bears,
And then ſet Dogs about their ears:
From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
Of this lewd, Antichriſtian Game.
To this, quoth *Ralpho*, Verily,
The point ſeems very plain to me.
It is an Antichriſtian Game.
Unlawful both in thing and name.
Firſt for the *name*, The word *Bear-baiting*
Is carnal, and of man's creating:
For certainty there's no ſuch word
In all the *Scripture* on record.
Therefore unlawful and a ſin.
And ſo is (ſecondly) the *thing.*
A vile *Aſſembly* 'tis, that can
No more be prov'd by Scripture than

Provincial, Classick, National;
Mere humane creature-cobwebs all.
Thirdly, it is Idolatrous,
For when men run a whoring thus,
With their Inventions, whatsoe'er
The thing be, whether *Dog*, or *Bear*,
It is Idolatrous, and Pagan;
No less than worshipping of *Dagon*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I smell a *Rat*,
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate;
For though the *Thesis* which thou lay'st
Be true *ad amussim* as thou lay'st,
(For that *Bear-baiting* should appear
Jure Divino lawfuller
Than *Synods* are, thou dost deny,
Totidem verbis so do I)
Yet there's a fallacy in this:
For if by sly *Homœosis*,
(*Tussis pro crepitu*, an art,
Under a Cough to slur a Fart)
Thou would'st sophystically imply,
Both are unlawful, I deny.

And I (quoth *Ralpho* do not doubt,
But *Bear-baiting* may be made out,
In Gospel-times, as lawful as is
Provincial, or *Parochial Classis*:
And that both are so near of kin,
And like in all, as well as sin,

That put them in a bag and shake 'em,
Your self o'th' sudden would mistake 'em,
And not know which is which, unless
You measure by their Wickedness:
For 'tis not hard t'imagine whether
O'th' two is worst, though I am neither.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou offer'st much,
But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i'th' Adage,
Id est, to make a Leek a Cabbage.
Thou wilt at best but *suck a Bull*,
Or *shear Swine*, *All Cry*, *and no Wooll*.
For what can *Synods* have at all
With *Bears* that's analogicall?
Or what relation has debating
Of Church-Affairs with *Bear-baiting*?
A just comparison still is,
Of things *ejusdem generis*,
And then what *Genus* right ly doth
Compr'hend them *inclusive* both?
If *Animal*, both of us may
As likely pass for Bears as they.
For we are Animals no less,
Although of different *Species*.
But *Ralpho*, this is no fit place
Nor time to argue out the Case:
For now the Field is not far off,
Where we must give the world a proof

Of Deeds, not Words, and such as suit
Another manner of Dispute.
A Controversie that affords
Actions for Arguments, not Words:
Which we must manage at a rate
Of Prowess and Conduct adæquate
To what our place and fame doth promise,
And all the *Godly* expect from us.
Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless
W'are slurr'd and outed by success:
Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can alwayes hit:
For whatsoe're we perpetrate,
We do but row, w'are steer'd by fate,
Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.
Great Actions are not alwayes true sons
Of great and mighty Resolutions:
Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth
Events still equal to their worth;
But sometimes fail, and in their stead
Fortune and Cowardise succeed.
Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
Our actions still have born us out.
Which though th'are known to be so ample,
We need not coppy from example,
We're not the only person durst,
Attempt this Province, nor the first.
In Northern Clime a val'rous Knight
Did whilom kill his Bear in fight,

And wound a Fidler: we have both
Of these the objects of our wroth,
And equal fame and glory from
Th' attempt or victory to come.
'Tis sung, there is a valiant *Mamaluke*
In foreign Land, yclep'd ....
To whom we have been oft compar'd.
For person, parts, address, and beard;
Both equally reputed stout,
And in the same Cause both have fought.
He oft in such Attempts as these,
Came off with glory, and success.
Nor will we fail in th' execution,
For want of equal resolution.
Honour is like a Widow, won
With brisk attempt, and putting on;
With entring manfully, and urging;
Not slow approaches, like a Virgin.

This said, as yerst the *Phrygian* Knight,
So ours with rusty steel did smite
His *Trojan* Horse, and just as much
He mended pace upon the touch;
But from his empty stomack groan'd,
Just as that hol'ow beast did sound,
And angry answer'd from behind,
With brandish'd tail, and blast of wind.
So have I seen with armed heel,
A Wight bestride a *Common Weal*;
While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,
The less the sullen Jade has stirr'd.

THE

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND CANTO.

The Catalogue, and Character
Of th' Enemy's best Men of War:
To whom the Knight *does make a Speech,*
And they defie him: after which
He fights with Talgol, *routs the* Bear,
And takes the Fidler *Prisoner;*
Conveys him to Enchanted Castle,
There shuts him fast in Wooden Bastile.

CANTO II.

THere was an antient sage *Philosopher*,
That had read *Alexander Ross* over,
And swore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of Fighting, and of Love:
Just so *Romances* are, for what else
Is in them all, but *Love* and *Battels*?
O'th' first of these w' have no great matter
To treat of, but a world o'th' latter:
In which to do the injur'd right
We mean, in what concerns just fight.
Certes, our Authors are to blame,
For to make some well-sounding name

A Pattern fit for modern Knights,
To copy out in Frays and Fights,
(Like those that a whole Street do raze,
~~To build a Pallace in the place.~~)
They never care how many others
They kill without regard of mothers,
Or wives, or children, so they can
Make up some fierce, dead-doing man,
Compos'd of many ingredient Valours,
Just like the manhood of nine Taylors.
So a wild *Tartar* when he spies
A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
His Wit, his Beauty, and his Spirit:
As if just so much he enjoy'd
As in another is destroy'd.
~~For when a Giant's slain in fight,~~
And mow'd orethwart, or cleft down right,
It is a heavy case, no doubt,
A man should have his Brains beat out,
Because he's tall, and has large bones;
As men kill Beavers for their stones.
But as for our part, we shall tell
The naked truth of what befell;
And as an equal friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
With neither faction shall take part,
But give to each his due desert:
And never coyn a formal lye on't,
To make the *Knight* o'recome the *Giant*,

This

This b'ing profeſt, we hope's enough,
And now go on where we left off.

They rode, but Authors having not
Determin'd whether Pace or Trot,
(That is to ſay, whether *Tollutation*,
As they do tearm't, or *Succuſſation*)
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppoſe they did, no matter how.
Yet ſome from ſubtle hints have got
Myſterious light, it was a Trot.
But let that paſſe: they now begun
To ſpur their living engines on,
For as whipp'd Tops and bandy'd *Balls*,
The learned hold are Animals:
So Horſes they affirm to be
Mere Engines, made by Geometey,
And were invented firſt from Engins,
As *Indian Britans* were from *Penguins*.
So let them be; and, as I was ſaying,
They their live Engines ply'd, not ſtaying
Untill they reach'd the fatal champain,
Which-th' Enemy did then incamp on,
The dire *Pharſalian* Plain, where *Battel*
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puiſſant Cattel,
And fierce Auxiliary men,
That came to aid their *Brethren*:
Who now began to draw in field,
As Knight from ridge of Steed beheld,

For as our modern wits behold,
Mounted a Pick-back on the Old,
Much further off; much further he,
From off his aged beast could see:
Yet not sufficient to descry
All postures of the Enemy,
Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further,
T'observe their numbers, and their order;
That when their motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Mean while he stopp'd his willing Steed,
To fit himself for martial deed:
Both kinds of mettle he prepar'd,
Either to give blows, or to ward,
Courage, and steel, both of great force,
Prepar'd for better, or for worse.
His death-charg'd Pistolls he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preserving Virtle.
These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free Sword from retentive Scabbard:
And after many a painful pluck,
From rusty durance he hayl'd Tuck.
Then shook himself, to see that Prowess,
In Scabbard of his Arms sate loose;
And rais'd upon his desperate foot.
On stirrup side, he gaz'd about,
Portending blood, like blazing Star.
The Beacon of approaching War.
Ralpho rode on with no less speed,
Than *Hugo* in the Forrest did;

But

But with a great deal more return'd,
For now the Foe he had discern'd,
Rang'd as to him they did appear,
With *Van*, *main*, *Battel*, *Wings*, and *Rear*.

In th' head of all this Warlike Rabble
Crowdero march'd, expert and able:
Instead of Trumpet and of Drum,
That makes the Warrier's stomach come,
Whose noise whets Valour sharp, like *Beer*
By thunder turn'd to Vineger,
(For if a Trumpet sound or Drum beat,
Who has not a months mind to combat?)
A squeaking Engine he apply'd
Unto his neck, on North-east side,
Just where the Hangman does dispose
To special friends the Knot of Noose:
For 'tis *great Grace* when *Statesmen* straight
Dispatch a friend, let others wait.
His warped *Ear* hung o're the strings,
Which was but *Sauce* to *Chitterlins*:
For Guts, some write, e're they are sodden,
Are fit for Musick, or for Pudden:
From whence men borrow ev'ry kind
Of Minstrelsy, by string or wind.
His grizly *Beard* was long and thick,
With which he strung his Fiddle-stick:
For he to Horse-tail scorn'd to owe,
For what on his own chin did grow.

Chiron,

Chiron, the four-legg'd Bard, had both
A Beard and Tail of his own growth;
And yet by Authors 'tis averr'd,
He made use onely of his Beard.
In *Staffordshire*, where Vertuous worth
Does raise the Minstrelsy, not Birth;
Where Bulls do chuse the boldest King
And Ruler, o're the men of string;
(As once in *Persia*, 'tis said,
Kings were proclaim'd by a Horse that neigh'd)
He bravely vent'ring at a Crown,
By chance of War was beaten down,
And wounded sore: his *Leg* then broke,
Had got a Deputy of Oke:
For when a shin in fight is cropt,
The knee with one of timber's propt;
Esteem'd more honourable then the other,
And takes place, though the younger Brother.

Next follow'd *Orsin*, famous for
Wise Conduct, and successe in War:
A skilfull Leader, stout, severe,
Now Marshall to the Champian Bear.
With Truncheon tipp'd with Iron-head,
The Warrior to the lists he led;
With solemn march and stately pace,
But far more grave and solemn face:
Grave as the Emperour of *Pegu*,
Or *Spanish* Potentate *Don Diego*.

This Leader was of knowledge great,
Either for Charge, or for Retreat.
He knew when to fall on pell-mell,
To fall back and retreat as well.
So Lawyers, left the *Bear* Defendant,
And Plantiff *Dog*, should make an end on't,
Dolstave and tale with *Writs of Error*,
Reverse of Judgement, and *Demurrer*,
To let them breath a while, and then
Cry whoop, and set them on agen.
As *Romulus* a Wolf did rear.
So he was dry-nurs'd by a Bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd prey
Of many a fierce and bloody fray;
Bred up, where Discipline most rare is,
In Military *Garden-Paris*.
For Souldiers heretofore did grow
In Gardens, just as Weeds do now;
Until some splay-foot Politicians
T' *Apollo* offer'd up Petitions,
For licensing a new invention
Th' had found out, of an antique engine
To root out all the weeds that grow
In Publick Garden at a blow,
And leave th' Herbs standing. Quoth Sir *Sun*,
My friends that is not to be done.
Not done? quoth Statesmen; yes, an't please ye,
When 'tis once known you'l say 'tis easie.
Why then let's know it, quoth *Apollo*.
We'l beat a Drum, and they'l all follow.

A Drum (quoth *Phœbus*) troth that's true,
A pretty invention, quaint, and new.
But though of Voice, and Inſtrument,
We are th' undoubted Preſident;
We ſuch loud Muſick do not profeſs,
The Devil's Maſter of that Office,
Where it muſt paſs, if't be a Drum,
He'l ſign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*
To him apply your ſelves, and he
Will ſoon diſpatch you for his Fee.
They did ſo, but it prov'd ſo ill,
Th' had better have let them grow there ſtill.
But to reſume what we diſcourſing
Were on before, that is ſtout *Orſin*:
That which ſo oft by ſundry Writers
Has been apply'd t' almoſt all Fighters,
More juſtly may be aſcrib'd to this,
Than any other Warriour (*viz.*)
None ever acted both parts bolder,
Both of a Chieftain, and a Souldier.
He was of great deſcent, and high,
For ſplendor, and antiquity,
And from Celeſtial origine
Deriv'd himſelf in a right line.
Not as the antient *Heroes* did,
Who, that their baſe births might be hid,
(Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a windore)
Made *Jupiter* himſelf, and others
O'th' Gods, Gallants to their own Mothers,

To get on them a Race of Champions,
Of which old *Homer* first made *Lampoons.*)
Arctophylax in Northern Sphere,
Was his undoubted Ancestor:
From him his great Fore-fathers came,
And in all ages bore his name.
Learned he was in Medic'nal Lore,
For by his side a Pouch he wore,
Repleat with strange Hermetick Powder,
That wounds nine miles point-blank would solder,
By skilful *Chymist* with great cost
Extracted from a rotten Post;
But of a heav'nlier influence
Than that which Mountebanks dispense;
Though by *Promethean* fire made,
As they do quack that drive that trade.
For as when Slovens do amiss
At others doors by stool, or piss,
The Learned write, a red hot-spit,
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
Will convey mischief from the Dung,
Unto the breech that did the wrong:
So this did healing, and as sure
As that did mischief, this would cure.

Thus vertuous *Orsin* was endu'd,
With Learning, Conduct, Fortitude,
Incomparable: and as the Prince
Of Poets, *Homer*, sung long since,

A skilful Leech is better far
Than half a hundred men of War;
So he appear'd, and by his skill,
No less than Dint of Sword, could kill.

The Gallant *Bruin* march't next him,
With Visage formidably grim,
And rugged as a *Saracen*,
Or *Turk*, of *Mahomet*'s own kin;
Clad in a Mantle *della Guer*
Of rough impenetrable Fur;
And in his Nose, like *Indian* King,
He wore for ornament a Ring:
About his Neck a three-fold Gorget,
As tough as trebled leathren Target;
Armed, as Heraulds cant, and *langued*,
Or, as the Vulgar say, *sharp-fanged*.
For as the Teeth in Beasts of Prey
Are Swords, with which they fight in Fray;
So Swords in men of War are teeth,
Which they do eat their Victle with.

He was by birth, some Authors write,
A *Russian*, some a *Muscovite*,
And 'mong the *Cossacks* had been bred,
Of whom we in *Diurnals* read,
That serve to fill up Pages here,
As with their bodies ditches there.
Scrimansky was his Cousin-german,
With whom he serv'd, and fed on Vermin:

And

And when they fail'd he'd suck his claws,
And quarter himself upon his paws.
And though his Country-men, the *Hans*,
Did stew their meat between their Bums,
And th'Horses backs o're which they straddle,
And every man eat up his Saddle:
He was not half so nice as they,
But eat it raw, when't came in's way.
He had trac'd Countries far and near,
More then *Le Blanc* the Traveller;
Who writes, He Spous'd in *India*
Of Noble house a Lady gay,
And got on her a race of Worthies,
As stout as any upon earth is.
Full many a fight for him between
Talgol and *Orsin* oft had been,
Each striving to deserve the Crown
Of a sav'd Citiz'n: the one
To guard his Bear, the other fought
To aid his Dog; both made more stout
By sev'ral spurs of Neighbourhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and blood:
But *Talgol* mortal foe to Cows,
Never got ought of him but blows;
Blows hard and heavy, such as he
Had lent, repay'd with usury.

Yet *Talgol* was of Courage stout,
And vanquish'd oftner then he fought

Inur'd,

Inur'd to labour, sweat, and toyl,
And, like a Champion, shone with Oyl.
Right many a Widow his keen blade,
And many Fatherless had made.
He many a Boar, and huge *Dun Cow*,
Did, like another *Guy*, o'rethrow.
But *Guy* with him in fight compar'd,
Had like the Boar, or Dun Cow far'd.
With greater troops of sheep h' had fought
Than *Ajax*, or bold *Don Quixot*:
And many a Serpent of fell kind,
With wings before, and stings behind,
Subdu'd; as Poets say, long agon
Bold *Sir George*, *St. George* did the *Dragon*.
Nor Engine, nor Divice Polemick,
Disease, nor Doctor Epidemick,
Though stor'd with Deletary Med'cines,
(Which whosoever took is dead since)
E're sent so vast a Colony
To both the under worlds, as he.
For he was of that noble trade,
That *Demi-Gods*, and *Heroes* made.
Slaughter, and knocking on the head,
The trade to which they all were bred;
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great, and large, but base, if mean.
The former rides in triumph for it,
The latter in a two-wheel'd Chartiot,
For daring to prophane a thing
So sacred, with vile bungleing.

Next

Next these the brave *Magnano* came,
Magnano great in martial fame.
Yet when with *Orsin* he wag'd fight,
'Tis sung he got but little by't.
Yet he was fierce as forrest-Bore,
Whose spoils upon his back he wore,
As thick as *Ajax* sev'n-fold Shield:,
Which o're his brazen Arms he held;
But Brass was feeble to resist
The fury of his armed fist;
Nor could the hardest Iron hold out
Against his blows, but they would through't.

In *Magick* he was deeply read:
As he that made the *Brazen-head*:
Profoundly skill'd in the black Art,
As *English Merlin* for his heart;
But far more skilful in the Spheres,
Than he was at the Sleve and Shears.
He could transform himself in colour,
As like the Devil as a Collier;
As like as Hypocrites in shew
Are to true Saints, or Crow to Crow.

Of warlike Engines he was Author,
Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter;
The *Cannon*, *Blunderbuss*, and *Saker*,
He was th' Inventer of, and Maker:
The *Trumpet*, and the *Kettle Drum*,
Did both from his invention come.

He was the first that e're did teach
To make, and how to stop a breach.
A Launce he bore with Iron-pike,
Th' one half would thrust, the other strike;
And when their forces he had joyn'd,
He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.

He *Trulla* lov'd, *Trulla* more bright
Then burnish'd Armour of her Knight:
A bold *Virago*, stout and tall
As *Joan* of *France*, or *English Mall*.
Through Perils both of Wind and Limb,
Through thick and thin she follow'd him,
In ev'ry Adventure h' undertook,
And never him or it forsook.
At breach of Wall, or Hedg-surprize,
Sh' shar'd in th' hazard, and the prize:
At beating quarters up, or forrage,
Behav'd her self with matchless courage;
And laid about in fight more busily,
Then th' *Amazonian* Dame, *Penthesile*.

And though some Criticks here cry shame,
And say our Authors are to blame,
That (spight of all Philosophers,
Who hold no females stout, but Bears.)
Make feeble Ladies, in their works,
To fight like *Termagants* and *Turks*;
To lay their native Arms aside,
Their Modesty, and ride a-stride;

To

To run a tilt at men, and wield
Their naked tools in open field;
As stout *Armida*, bold *Thalestris*,
And she that would have been the Mistress
Of *Gundibert*, but he had grace,
And rather took a Country Lass:
They say 'tis false, without all sense,
But of pernicious consequence
To Government, which they suppose
Can never be upheld in prose:
Strip Nature naked to the skin,
You'l find about her no such thing.
It may be so, yet what we tell
Of *Trulla*, that's improbable,
Shall be depos'd by those have seen't,
Or, what's as good, produc'd in print;
And if they will not take our word,
We'l prove it true upon record.

The upright *Cerdon* next advanc't,
Of all his Race the Valiant'st;
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in Song,
Like *Herc'les*, for repair of wrong:
He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
The weak against the strongest side.
Ill has he read, that never hit
On him in Muses deathless writ.
He had a weapon keen and fierce,
That through a Bull-hide-shield would pierce;

And cut it in a thousand pieces,
Though tougher than the Knight of *Greece* his;
With whom his black-thumb'd Ancestor
Was Comrade in the ten years war:
For when the restless *Greeks* sate down
So many years before *Troy* Town,
And were renown'd, as *Homer* writes,
For *well-sol'd Boots*, no less than fights;
They ow'd that glory only to
His Ancestor, that made them so.
Fast friend he was to *Reformation*,
Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion.
Next Rectifier of *Wry Law*,
And would make three, to cure one flaw.
Learned he was, and could take note,
Transcribe, collect, translate and quote.
But *Preaching* was his chiefest Talent,
Or Argument, in which being valiant,
He us'd to lay about, and stickle,
Like Ram or Bull, at *Conventicle*:
For Disputants, like *Rams* and *Bulls*,
Do fight with *Arms* that spring from *Skulls*.

Last *Colon* came, bold man of war,
Destin'd to blows by fatal Star;
Right expert in command of Horse,
But cruel, and without remorse,
That which of *Centaure* long ago
Was said, and has been wrested to

Some

Some other Knights, was true of this,
He and his *Horſe* were of a piece.
One Spirit did inform them both,
The ſelf-ſame vigor, fury, wroth:
Yet he was much the rougher part,
And always had a harder heart;
Although his Horſe had been of thoſe
That fed on mans fleſh, as fame goes.
Strange food for horſe! and yet, alaſs!
It may be true, for *fleſh is graſs*.
Sturdy he was, and no leſs able
Then *Hercules* to cleanſe a Stable;
As great a Drover, and as great
A Critick too in Hog or Neat;
He ripp'd the womb up of his Mother,
Dame *Tellus*, 'cauſe ſhe wanted Fother,
And Provender, wherewith to feed
Himſelf, and his leſs cruel Steed.

It was a queſtion, whether He,
Or 's Horſe were of a Family
More Worſhipful: till Antiquaries,
(After th' had almoſt por'd out their eyes,)
Did very learnedly decide
The buſ'neſs on the Horſe's ſide,
And prov'd not only Horſe, but Cows,
Nay Piggs, were of the elder houſe:
For beaſts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himſelf, did th' earth poſſeſs.

These Worthies were the Chief that led
The Combatants, each in the head
Of his Command, with Armes, and Rage,
Ready, and longing to engage.
The numerous Rabble was drawn out
Of several Countries round about;
From Villages remote, and Shires,
Of East and Western Hemispheres:
From forreign Parishes, and Regions,
Of different Manners, Speech, Religions,
Came Men and Mastives; some to fight
For fame and honour, some for sight.
And now the Field of Death the Lists
Were entred by Antagonists,
And blood was ready to be broached;
When *Hudibras* in haste approached,
With Squire, and weapons to attack them:
But first thus from his *Horse* bespake them.

What Rage, O Citizens, what fury,
Doth you to these dire actions hurry?
What *Ostrum*, what phrenetick mood,
Makes you thus lavish of your blood?
While the proud *Vies* your Trophies boast,
And unrevenged walks ---- Ghost?
What Towns, what Garrisons might you
With hazard of this blood subdue,
Which now y' are bent to throw away
In vain, untriumphable fray?

Shall *Saints* in Civil bloodshed wallow
Of *Saints*, and let the *Cause* lye fallow?
The *Cause*, for which we fought, and swore
So boldly, shall we now give o're?
Then because Quarrels full are seen
With Oaths and Swearing to begin,
The *Solemn League* and *Covenant*
Will seem a meer *God-damme* Rant;
And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as Drunkards that fell out.
For, as we make War *for the King*,
Against himself, the self-same thing,
Some will not stick to swear we do
For *God*, and for *Religion* too.
For if *Bear-baiting* we allow,
What good can *Reformation* do?
The blood and treasure that's laid out,
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
Are these the fruits o' th' *Protestation*,
The Prototype of *Reformation*,
Which all the *Saints*, and some since *Martyrs*,
Wore in their Hats like Wedding-garters,
When 'twas resolv'd by either House,
Six Members quarrel to espouse?
Did they for this draw down the Rabble,
With zeal, and noises formidable;
And make all *Cries* about the Town
Joyn throats to cry the *Bishops* down?
Who having round begirt the Pallace,
(As once a month they do the *Gallows*)

As Members gave the sign about,
Set up their throats with hideous shout.
When *Tinkers* bawl'd aloud to settle
Church-discipline for patching *Kettle*.
No *Sow-gelder* did blow his Horn
To geld a Cat, but cry'd *Reform*.
The *Oyster-women* lock'd their Fish up,
And trudg'd away to cry *No Bishop*.
The *Mouse-trap-men* laid *Save-alls* by,
And 'gainst *Ev'l Counsellours* did cry.
Botchers left old Cloaths in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the *Church*.
Some cry'd the *Covenant* instead
Of *Pudding-Pies*, and *Ginger-Bread*:
And some for *Brooms*, *old Boots and Shoes*,
Cry'd out to *purge the Commons House*.
Instead of *Kitchin-stuff*, some cry,
A Gospel-preaching-Ministry;
And some for *Old Suits*, *Coats*, *or Cloaks*,
No *Surplices*, nor *Service-Book*.
A strange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to *Reformation*.
And is this All? is this the end
To which these *carr'ings on* did tend?
Hath *Publick Faith*, like a young Heir,
For this rak'n up all sorts of ware,
And run int' ev'ry Tradesmans book,
Till both turn'd Bankrupts, and are broke?
Did *Saints* for this bring in their *Plate*,
And crowd as if they came too late?

For when they thought the *Cause* had need on't,
Happy was he that could be rid on't.
Did they coyn *Pis-pots*, *Bowls*, and *Flaggons*,
Int' Officers of Horse and Dragoons;
And into Pikes and Musketiers
Stamp *Beakers*, *Cups*, and *Porringers*?
A *Thimble*, *Bodkin*, and a *Spoon*,
Did start up living men, as soon
As in the Furnace they were thrown,
Just like the *Dragons teeth* b'ing sown.
Then was the *Cause* all Gold and Plate,
The *Brethrens* Off'rings consecrate,
Like the *Hebrew Calf*, and down before it
The *Saints* fell prostrate, to adore it,
So say the *Wicked* ---- and will you
Make that Sarcasmous Scandal true,
By running after Dogs and Bears,
Beasts more unclean than Calves or Steers?
Have *Pow'rful Preachers* ply'd their tongues,
And *laid* themselves *out*, and their lungs;
Us'd all means, both direct, and sinister,
I'th' power of *Gospel-preaching Ministry*?
Have they invented *Nones*, to win
The *Women*, and make them draw in
The Men, as *Indians* with a Female
Tame Elephant, inveigle the Male?
Have they told *Prov'dence* what it must do,
Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to?
Discover'd th' *Enemy's* Design,
And which way best to countermine?

Prescrib'd

Prescrib'd what wayes it hath to work,
Or it will ne're advance the *Kirk*;
Told it the *News* o'th' last expresse,
And after good or bad success
Made Prayers, not so like *Petitions*,
As *Overtures*, and *Propositions*,
(Such as the *Army* did present
To their Creator, th' *Parliament*)
In which they freely will confess,
They will not, cannot *acquiesce*,
Unless the *Work* be carry'd on,
In the same way they have begun,
By setting Church, and Common-weal
All on a flame, bright as their zeal,
On which the *Saints* were all a-gog,
And all this for a *Bear* and *Dog*?

The Parliament drew up *Petitions*
To't self, and sent them, like Commissions,
To *Well-affected* Persons, down,
In ev'ry City, and great Town,
With pow'r to levy Horse and Men,
Only to bring them back agen:
For this did many, many a Mile,
Ride manfully in Rank and File,
With *Papers* in their Hats, that show'd
As if they to the *Pillory* rode.
Have all these courses, these effects
Been try'd by people of all sorts,

Velis & Remis, omnibus Nervis,
And all t' advance the *Cauſe*'s ſervice?
And ſhall all now be thrown away,
In petulant inteſtine Fray?
Shall we that in the *Gov'nant* ſwore,
Each man of us to run before
Another ſtill in *Reformation*,
Give Dogs and Bears a Diſpenſation?
How will *diſſenting Brethren* reliſh it?
What will *Malignants* ſay? *Videlicet*,
That each man ſwore to do his beſt,
To damn and perjure all the reſt;
And bid *th' Devil take the hindmoſt*,
Which at this Race is like to win moſt.
They'l ſay our buſineſs to *Reform*
The Church and State, is but a worm;
For to tranſcribe a Church inviſible,
As we have ſworn to do, it is a *Bull*:
For when we ſwore to do it after
The beſt reformed Churches that are,
What did we elſe but make a vow
To do we know not what, nor how?
For no three of us will agree,
Where, or what Churches theſe ſhould be.
And is indeed the ſelf-ſame caſe
With their that ſwore *Et catera's*;
Or the *French League*, in which men vow'd
To fight t[illegible] laſt drop of blood.
Theſe ſlanders will be thrown upon
The *Cauſe* and *Work* we carry on,

If we permit men to run headlong
T' exorbitances fit for Bedlam,
Rather then *Gospel-walking* times,
When slightest Sins are greatest Crimes;
But we the matter shall so handle,
As to remove that odious scandal.
In name of King and Parliament,
I charge ye all, no more foment
This feud, but keep the peace between
Your Brethren, and your Country-men;
And to those places straight repair,
Where your respective dwellings are.
But to that purpose first surrender
The *Fidler*, as the prime Offender,
Th' Incendiary vile, that is chief
Author and Engineer of mischief;
That makes division between friends,
For prophane and malignant ends.
He, and that Engine of vile noyse,
On which illegally he playes,
Shall (*dictum factum*) both be *brought*
To condigne Punishment, as th' ought.
This must be done, and I would fain see
Mortal so sturdy, as to gainsay:
For then I'le take another course,
And soon *Reduce* you all by force.
This said, he clapt his hand on Sword,
To shew he meant to keep his word.

But

But *Talgol*, who had long suppreſt
Enflamed wrath in glowing breaſt,
Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as flame in Furnace,
Thus anſwer'd him. Thou Vermin wretched,
As e're in Meazel'd Pork was hatched;
Thou Tayle of Worſhip, that doſt grow
On Rump of Juſtice, as of Cow;
How dar'ſt thou with that ſullen Luggage
O' thy ſelf, old It'n and other Baggage,
With which thy Steed of Bones and Leather,
Is lam'd and tir'd in halting hither;
How durſt th', I ſay, adventure thus
T' oppoſe thy Lumber againſt us?
Could thine Impertinence find out
No work t' employ it ſelf about,
Where thou ſecure from wooden blow
Thy buſie vanity might'ſt ſhow?
Was no diſpute a foot between
The *Caterwauling Brethren*?
No ſubtle Queſtion rais'd among
Thoſe *out-o'-their-wits*, and thoſe i'th' wrong?
No prize between thoſe Combitants
O'th'times, the Land and Water-*Saints*;
Where thou might'ſt *ſtickle without hazzard*
Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard,
And not for want of buſ'neſs come
To us to be thus troubleſome,
To interrupt our better ſort
Of Diſputants, and ſpoil our ſport?

Was

Was there no Felony, no Bawd,
Cut-purse, nor Burglary abroad?
No *Stollen Pig*, nor *Plunder'd Goose*,
To tye thee up from breaking loose?
No Ale unlicenc'd, broken hedge,
For which thou Stature might'st alledge,
To keep the busie from foul evil,
And shame due to thee from the Devil?
Did no committee sit, where he
Might cut out Journey-work for thee;
And set th' a task, with subornation,
To stitch up *sale* and *sequestration*;
To *cheat* with *Holiness* and *Zeal*
All Parties, and the Common-weal?
Much better had it been for thee,
H' had kept thee where th' art us'd to be;
Or sent thee to Bus'nesse any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither.
But if th' hast Brain enough in Skull
To keep it self in lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of Stones,
And Cudgels to thy Hide and Bones;
Tremble, and vanish while thou may'st.
Which I'le not promise if thou stay'st.

At this the *Knight* grew high in wroth,
And *lifting* hands and *eyes up* both,
Three times he smote on stomack stout,
From whence at length these words broke out.

Was I for this entitled Sir,
And girt with trusty Sword and Spur,
For fame and honour to wage Battel,
Thus to be brav'd by foe to Cattel?
Not all the Pride that makes thee swell
As big as thou dost blown-up Veal;
Nor all thy tricks and slights to cheat,
And sell thy Carrion for good meat,
Not all thy Magick to repair
Decay'd old age in tough lean ware,
Turn Death of Nature to thy work,
And stop the Gangrene in stale Pork;
Not all that force that makes thee proud,
Because by Bullock ne're withstood,
Though arm'd with all thy Clevers, Knives,
And Axes, made to hew down lives,
Shall save or help thee to evade
The hand of Justice, or this blade
Which I her Sword-bearer do carry,
For civil deed and military.
Nor shall these words of Venom base,
Which thou hast from their native place,
Thy stomack, pump'd to sling on me,
Go unreveng'd, though I am free.
Thou down the same throat shalt devour 'em,
Like tainted Beef, and pay dear for 'em.
Nor shall it e're be said, that wight
With Gantlet blew, and Bases white,
And round blunt Dudgeon by his side,
So great a man at Arms defy'd

With words far bitterer then wormwood,
That would in *Job* or *Grizel* stir mood.
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal;
But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.
This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd
His Gun shot, that in Hollsters watch'd;
And bending Cock, he level'd full
Against th' outside of *Talgol*'s Skull;
Vowing that he should ne're stir further,
Nor henceforth Cow or Bullock murther;
But *Pallas* came in shape of Rust,
And 'twixt the Spring and Hammer th rust
Her *Gorgon*-shield, which made the Cock
Stand stiff as 'twere transform'd to stock.
Mean while fierce *Talgol* gath'ring might,
With rugged Truncheon smote at *Knight*,
But he with Petronel up-heav'd,
Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd.
The Gun recoyl'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to such a kind of fight,
And shrunk from its great Masters gripe,
Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.
Then *Hudibras* with furious haste
Drew out his sword; yet not so fast,
But *Talgol* first with hardy thwack,
Twice bruiz'd his head, and twice his back.
But when his rugged Sword was out,
With stomack huge he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe the Truncheon.

The

The trusty Cudgel did oppose
It self against dead-doing blows,
To guard its Leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd it self again.
And though the sword (some understood)
In force had much the odds of wood;
'Twas nothing so, both sides were ballanc't
So equal, none knew which was valiant'st.
For wood with honour b'ing engag'd,
Is so implacably enrag'd,
Though Iron hew and mangle sore,
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.
And now both *Knights* were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot pursuit of death;
While all the rest amaz'd stood still,
Expecting which should take or kill.
This *Hudibras* observ'd, and fretting,
Conquest should be so long a getting,
He drew up all his force into
One body, and that into one blow.
But *Talgol* wisely avoided it
By cunning sleight; for had it hit
The upper part of him, the blow
Had slit, as sure as that below.

But now fierce *Colon* 'gan draw on,
To aid the distrest Champion.
Him *Ralph* encountred, and streight grew
A dismal Combat 'twixt them two:

In one arm'd with mettle, th' other wood;
This fit for bruise, and that for blood.
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard Crabtree, and old Iron rang;
While none that saw them could divine
To which side conquest would encline:
Until *Magnano*, who did envy
That two should with so many men vye,
By subtle stratagem of brain,
Perform'd what force could ne're attain.
For he, by foul hap having found
Where Thistles grew on barren ground,
He clapp'd them underneath the tail
Of Steed, with pricks as sharp as nail.
The angry beast did straight resent,
And feel regret on fundament,
Begun to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if h' had been beside his sense,
Striving to disengage from thistle,
That gall'd him sorely under his tail,
Instead of which, he threw the Pack
Of *Squire*, and baggage from his back;
And blundring still, with smarting Rump,
He gave the *Knight's* Steed such a thump,
As made him reel. The *Knight* did stoop,
And sate on further side aslope.
This *Talgol* viewing, who had now
slight escap'd the fatal blow,
rally'd, and again fell to't;
catching foe by nearer foot;

He

He lifted with such might and strength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And dash'd his brains (if any) out.
But *Mars*, that still protects the stout,
In pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the *Bear* convey'd;
The *Bear*, upon whose soft fur-gown,
The *Knight* with all his weight fell down.
The friendly Rugg preserv'd the ground,
And headlong *Knight* from bruise or wound;
Like Feather-bed betwixt a Wall,
And heavy brunt of Cannon-ball.
As *Sancho* on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt; ours far'd as well
In body, though his mighty spirit,
B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
The *Bear* was in a greater fright,
Beat down, and worsted by the *Knight*.
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To shake off bondage from his snout.
His wrath enflam'd, boyl'd o're, and from
His Jaws of Death he threw the foam,
Fury in stranger postures threw him,
And more, than ever Herauld drew him.
He tore the Earth, which he had sav'd
From squelch of *Knight*, and storm'd, and rav'd,
And vext the more, because the harms
He felt, were 'gainst the *Law of Arms*;
For Men he always took to be
His Friends, and Dogs the Enemy:

Who never so much hurt had done him,
As his own side did falling on him.
It griev'd him to the guts, that they
For whom he had fought so many a fray,
And serv'd with tons of blood so long,
Should offer such inhumane wrong;
Wrong of unsouldier-like condition:
For which he flung down his Commission,
And laid about him, till his nose,
From thall of ring and cord broke loose.
Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,
And made way through th' amaz'd crew.
Some he o'reran, and some o'rethrew,
But took none, for by hasty flight
He strove t' escape pursute of *Knight*,
From whom he fled with as much haste,
And dread, as he the Rabble chas'd.
In hast he fled, and so did they,
Each and his fear a several way.

Crowdero only kept the field,
Not stirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down, and wounded sore,
I'th' Fiddle, and a Leg that bore
One side of him, not that of bone,
But, much its better, th' wooden one.
He spying *Hudibras* lye strow'd
Upon the ground, like log of wood,

With

With fright of fall, supposed wound,
And loss of Urine, cast in swound;
In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb
That hurt in th' ankle lay by him,
And lifting it for sudden fight,
Straight drew it up, to fall on *Knight*.
For getting up on stump and buckle,
He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be reveng'd for breach
Of Crowd, and skin upon the wretch,
Sole Author of all Detriment
He and his Fiddle underwent,
But *Ralpho* (who had now begun
T' adventure resurrection
From heavy squelch, and had got up
Upon his legs, with sprained Crup)
Looking about, beheld pernicious
Approaching *Knight*, from fell Musician.
He snatch'd his Whineard up, that fled
When he was falling off his Steed,
(As Rats do from a falling house,)
To hide it self from rage of blows;
And wing'd with speed and fury, flew
To rescue *Knight* from black and blew.
Which e're he could atchieve, his Sconce
The Skin encounter'd twice and once;
And now 'twas rais'd to smite agen,
When *Ralpho* thrust himself between,
He took the blow on side and arm,
To shield the *Knight* entraunc'd from harm;

And joyning Wrath with force, bestow'd
On th' wooden member such a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it prop't before.
To him the *Squire* right nimbly run,
And setting conquering foot upon
His trunk, thus spoke: What *desperate frenzie*
Made thee (thou whelp of sin) to fancy
Thy self, and all that coward Rabble,
T' encounter us in battel able?
How durst th', I say, oppose thy Currship
'Gainst Armes, Authority, and Worship?
And *Hudibras*, or me provoke,
Though all thy Limbs were heart of Oke,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out blowes, as that of wood?
Could not the whipping-post prevail,
With all its Rhet'rick, nor the Gaol,
To keep from flying scourge thy skin,
And ankle free from Iron gin?
Which now thou shalt — but first our care,
Must see how *Hudibras* doth fare.
This said, he gently rais'd the *Knight*,
And set him on his bum upright:
To rouse him from Lethargick dump,
He tweak'd his nose, with gentle thump,
Knock'd on his breast, as if't had been
To raise the Spirits lodg'd within.
They wakened with the noise, did flye
From inward room to window eye,

And

And gently op'ning lid, the caſement,
Look'd out, but yet with ſome amazement.
This gladded *Ralpho* much to ſee,
Who thus beſpoke the *Knight*: quoth he,
Tweaking his noſe, You are, great Sir,
A *ſelf-denying* Conqueror;
As high, victorious, and great,
As e're fought for the Churches yet.
If you will give your ſelf but leave,
To make out what y' already have;
That's Victory. The Foe, for dread
Of your Nine-worthineſs is fled,
All ſave *Crowdero*, for whoſe ſake
You did th' eſpous'd *Cauſe* undertake:
And he lyes Priſ'ner at your feet,
To be diſpos'd as you think meet,
Eeither for Life, or Death, or Sale,
The Gallows, or perpetual Goal.
For one wink of your pow'rful eye,
Muſt ſentence him to live, or dye.
His *Fiddle* is your proper purchaſe,
Won in the ſervice of the *Churches*;
And by your doom muſt be allow'd
To be, or be no more a *Crowd*.
For though ſucceſs do not confer
Juſt Title on the Conquerer,
Though *Diſpenſations* were not ſtrong
Concluſions whether right or wrong;
Although *Out-gaings* did not confirm,
And *Owning* were but a meer term:

Yet as the *Wicked* have no *Right*
To th' Creature, though usurp'd by might,
The property is in the *Saint*,
From whom th' injuriously detain't;
Of him they hold their Luxuries,
Their Dogs, their Horses, Whores, and Dice,
Their Riots, Revells, Masks, Delights,
Pimps, Buffoons, Fidlers, Parasites:
All which the *Saints* have *Title* to,
And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due.
What we take from them, is no more
Than what was ours by right before.
For we are their true *Landlords* still,
And they our *Tenants* but at will.

At this the *Knight* begun to rouse,
And by degrees grow valorous.
He star'd about, and seeing none
Of all his Foes remain, but one,
He snatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him;
Vowing to make *Crowdero* pay
For all the rest that ran away.
But *Ralpho* now in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withstood:
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit
Is rais'd to high, this Slave does merit
To be the Hangmans business, sooner,
Than from your hand to have the honour

Of

Of his Destruction. I that am
A nothingneſſe in deed and name,
Did ſcorn to hurt his forfeit Carcaſſe,
Or ill intreat his Fiddle or Caſe.
Will you, Great Sir, that glory blot
In cold blood which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your Conqu'ring Sword,
To break a Fiddle and your word?
For though I fought, and overcame,
And Quarter gave, 'twas in your name.
For great Commanders alwayes own
What's proſperous by the Souldier done.
To ſave where you have pow'r to kill,
Argues your pow'r above your Will;
And that your will and pow'r have leſſe
Then both might have of ſelfiſhneſſe.
This pow'r which now alive with dread
He trembles at, if he were dead,
Would no more keep the ſlave in awe,
Then if you were a Knight of ſtraw:
For Death would then be his Conqueror,
Not you, and free him from that terror.
If danger from his life accrew,
Or honour from his death to you;
'Twere policy, and honour too,
To do as you reſolv'd to do.
But, Sir, 'twould wrong your Valour much,
To ſay it needs or fears a Crutch.
Great Conquerors greater glory gain
By foes in Triumph led, then ſlain:

The

The Laurells that adorn their brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
And living Foes, the greateſt fame,
Of Cripple ſlain, can be but lame,
One half of him's already ſlain,
The other is not worth your pain.
Th' Honour can but on one ſide light,
As Worſhip did, when y' were dub'd *Knight*.
Wherefore I think it better far,
To keep him Priſoner of War;
And let him faſt in bonds abide,
At *Court of Juſtice* to be try'd:
Where if h' appear ſo bold, or crafty,
There may be danger in his ſafety;
If any Member there diſlike
His face, or to his beard have pike;
Or if his death will ſave, or yield,
Revenge, or fright, it is *reveal'd*,
Though he has quarter, ne'retheleſs,
Y' have pow'r to hang him when you pleaſe.
This hath been often done by ſome
Of our great Conquerours, you know whom:
And has by moſt of us been held
Wiſe Juſtice, and to ſome *reveal'd*.
For words and promiſes that yoke
The Conquerour, are quickly broke,
Like *Samſon*'s Cuffs, though by his own
Direction, and advice put on,
For if we ſhould fight for the *Cauſe*,
By Rules of Military Laws,

And

And only do what they call juſt,
The *Cauſe* would quickly fall to duſt.
This we among our ſelves may ſpeak,
But to the *wicked*, or the *Weak*,
We muſt be cautious to declare
Perfection-truths, ſuch as theſe are.

This ſaid, the high outragious mettle
Of *Knight* began to cool, and ſettle:
He lik'd the *Squire*'s advice, and ſoon
Reſolv'd to ſee the buſ'neſs done;
And therefore charg'd him firſt to bind
Crowdero's hands on Rump behind,
And to its former place, and uſe,
The wooden member to reduce;
But force it take an *Oath* before,
Ne're to bear Arms againſt him more.

Ralpho diſpatch'd with ſpeedy haſt,
And having ty'd *Crowdero* faſt,
He gave Sir *Knight* the end of Cord,
To lead the Captive of his Sword
In triumph, while the Steeds he caught,
And them to further ſervice brought.
The *Squire* in ſtate rode on before,
And on his nut-brown Whyniard bore
The Trophee-*Fiddle*, and the *Caſe*,
Leaning on ſhoulder, like a Mace.
The *Knight* himſelf did after ride,
Leading *Crowdero* by his ſide.

And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,
Like Boat against the Tide and Wind.
Thus grave and solemn they march on,
Untill quite through the Town th' had gone.
At further end of which there stands
An antient Castle, that commands
Th' adjacent parts; in all the fabrick
You shall not see one stone nor a brick,
But all of wood, by pow'rful Spell
Of Magick made impregnable.
There's neither Iron-bar, nor Gate,
Port-cullis, Chain, or Bolt, or Grate:
And yet men durance there abide,
In Dungeon scarce three inches wide;
With Roof so low that under it
They never stand, but lye, or sit;
And yet so foul, that whoso is in,
Is to the middle-leg in Prison,
In Circle Magical confin'd,
With walls of subtle Air and Wind,
Which none are able to break thorough,
Untill th'are freed by head of Burrough.
Thither arriv'd, the advent'rous *Knight*
And bold *Squire* from their Steeds alight,
At th' outward wall, near which there stands
A Bastile built t' imprison hands;
By strange enchantment made to fetter
The lesser parts, and free the greater.
For though the Body may creep through,
The Hands in Grate are fast enough.

And

And when a circle 'bout the wriſt
Is made by Beadle Exorciſt,
The Body feels the Spur and Switch,
As if 'twere ridden Poſt by 'witch,
At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne're ſtirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a Spire,
On which Sir *Knight* firſt bids the *Squire*
The *Fiddle*, and it ſpoyls, the *Caſe*,
In manner of a Trophee, place.
That done; they ope the Trap-door-gate,
And let *Crowdero* down thereat.
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like Hermit poor in penſive place,
To Dungeon they the wretch commit;
And the ſurvivor of his feet:
But th' other, that had broke the peace,
And head of Knighthood, they releaſe,
Though a *Delinquent* falſe and forged,
Yet b'ing a Stranger, he's enlarged;
While his Comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clapt up faſt in Priſon for't.
So Juſtice, while ſhe winks at Crimes,
Stumbles on Innocence ſometimes.

THE

THE ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD CANTO.

The scatter'd Rout return, and rally,
Surround the Place; the Knight *does sally,*
And is made Pris'ner: then they seize
The Enchanted Fort by Storm, release
Crowdero, *and put the* Squire *in's place,*
I should have first said Hudibras.

CANTO III.

AY me! what perills do inviron
The man that meddles with cold Iron!
What plaguy mischiefs, and mishaps
Do dog him still with after-claps!
For though Dame Fortune seem to smile,
And leer upon him for a while,
She'l after shew him, in the nick
Of all his glories, a Dog-trick.
This any man may sing, or say,
I'th' Ditty, call'd, *What if a day.*
For *Hudibras*, who thought h' had won
The Field as fuer as a Gun;
And having routed the whole Troop,
With Victory was Cock-a-hoop;

Thinking

Thinking h' had done enough to purchase
Thanksgiving-day among the *Churches*,
Wherein his Mettle and brave Worth,
Might be explain'd by *Holder forth*,
And regiſter'd by fame eternal,
In Deathleſs Pages of *Diurnal*;
Found in few minutes, to his coſt,
He did but *Count without his Hoſt*;
And that a *Turn-ſtile* is more certain,
Then in events of War, Dame Fortune.
For now, the late-faint-hearted Rout,
O'rethrown and ſcatter'd round about,
Chac'd by the horrour of their fear
From bloudy ſtay of *Knight* and *Bear*,
(All but the *Dogs*, who in purſuit
Of the *Knight*'s Victory ſtood to't,
And moſt ignobly ſought to get
The Honour of his blood and ſweat)
Seeing the coaſt was free and clear
O'th' Conquer'd and the Conqueret,
Took heart of grace, and fac'd about,
As if they meant to ſtand it out:
For by this time, the routed *Bear*
Attaqu'd by th' Enemy i'th' Rear,
Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a ſafe retreat,
Like a bold Chieftain fac'd about,
But wiſely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to Fortune, and with haſt
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd,

Retiring ſtill, until he found
H' had got th' advantage of the ground:
And then as valiantly made head,
To check the Foe, and forthwith fled;
Leaving no art untry'd, not trick
Of Warriour ſtout, and politick.
Until in ſpight of hot purſuit,
He gain'd a paſs to hold diſpute
On better terms, and ſtop the courſe
Of the proud Foe. With all his force
He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole Body to recoil:
But ſtill their numbers ſo increaſt,
He found himſelf at length oppreſt,
And all evaſions ſo uncertain,
To ſave himſelf for better fortune,
That he reſolv'd rather than yield,
To dye with honour in the field,
And ſell his hyde and carkaſe at
A price as high and deſperate
As e're he could. This reſolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himſelf among
The Enemy in the greateſt throng.
But what could ſingle Valour do
Againſt ſo numerous a Foe?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' odds was ſuch:
But one againſt a multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good,

For while one party he oppos'd,
His Rear was suddenly enclos'd,
And no room left him for retreat;
Or fight against a foe so great.
For now the Mastives charging home
To blows and handy-gripes were come;
While manfully himself he bore,
And setting his right-foot before,
He rais'd himself, to shew how tall
His Person was, above them all.
This equal shame and envy stirr'd
In th'enemy, that one should beard
So many Warriers and so stout
As he had done, and stav'd it out,
Disdaining to lay down his Arms,
And yield on honourable terms.
Enraged thus some in the rear
Attack'd him, and some every where;
Till down he fell, yet falling fought,
And being down still laid about;
As *Widdrington* in doleful Dumps
Is said to fight upon his stumps.

But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably slain,
If *Trulla* and *Cerdon* in the nick
To rescue him, had not been quick;
For *Trulla* who was light of foot,
As shafts which long-field *Parthians* shoot,

(But not so light as to be born
Upon the ears of standing Corn,
Or trip it o're the Water quicker,
Then Witches when their staves they liquor,
As some report) was got among
The foremost of the Martial throng;
Where pittying the vanquisht *Bear*,
She call'd to *Cerdon*, who stood near
Viewing the bloody fight, to whom
Shall we (quoth she) stand still *how drawn*,
And see stout *Bruin* all alone
By numbers basely overthrown?
Such fears already h' has atchiev'd,
In story not to be believ'd:
And 'twould to us be shame enough
Not to attempt to fetch him off.

I would (quoth he) venture a Limb
To second thee, and rescue him:
But then we must about it streight,
Or else our aid will come too late.
Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.
This said, they wav'd their weapons round
About their heads, to clear the ground:
And joyning forces laid about
So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,
As if *the Devil drove*, to run.

Mean while th'approach'd the place where
Was now engaged to mortal ruine: (*Bruin*
The conquering Foe they soon assail'd;
First *Trulla* stav'd, and *Cerdon* tail'd,
Until the Mastives loos'd their hold:
And yet, alass! do what they could,
The worsted *Bear* came off with store
Of bloody wounds, but all before.
For as *Achillas* dipt in Pond,
Was *Anabaptiz'd* free from wound,
Made proof against dead-doing steel,
All over but the Pagan heel;
So did our Champions Arms defend
All of him, but the other end,
His head and ears, which in the martial
Encounter lost a leathern parcel,
For as an *Austrian Archduke* once
Had one ear (which in *Ducatoons*
Is half the Coyn) in battel par'd
Close to his head; so *Bruin* far'd:
But tugg'd, and pull'd, on th' other side,
Like *Scrivener* newly crucify'd;
Or like the late corrected Leathern
Ears of the *Circumcised Brethren.*
But gentle *Trulla* into th' Ring
He wore in's Nose convey'd a string,
With which she march'd before, and led
The Warriour to a grassy bed,
As Authors write, in a cool shade,
Which Eglentine, and Roses made,

Close

Close by a softly-murm'ring Stream,
Where Lovers use to loll; and dream.
There leaving him to his repose,
Secured from pursuit of Foes,
And wanting nothing but a Song,
And a well-tun'd *Theorbo* hung
Upon a bough, to ease the pain
His tugg'd ears suffer'd, with a strain.
They both drew up, to march in quest
Of his great Leader, and the rest.

For *Orsin* (who was more renown'd,
For stout maintaining of his ground,
In standing Fights, than for pursuit,
As being not so quick of foot)
Was not long able to keep pace
With others that pursu'd the Chase,
But found himself left far behind,
Both out of heart, and out of wind;
Griev'd to behold his *Bear* pursu'd
So basely by a multitude,
And like to fall, not by the prowess,
But numbers of his coward Foes.
He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout *Hercules* for loss of *Hylas*,
Forcing the Vallies to repeat
The accents of his sad regret.
He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
For loss of his dear crony *Bear*:

That Echo from the hollow ground
His dolefull wailings did resound
More wistfully, by many times,
Then in small Poets splay-foot rimes,
That make her, in their ruthfull stories,
To answer to interr gatories,
And most unconscionably depose
To things of which she nothing knows:
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the Lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O whether, wicked *Bruin*,
Art thou fled, to my — Echo, *ruine?*
I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step,
For fear. (Quoth Echo) *Marry guip.*
Am not I hear to take thy part?
Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart?
Have these bones rattled, and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear sake. (Quoth she) *Mum budget.*
Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i'th' dish,
Thou turn'dst thy back? Quoth Echo, *Pish.*
To run from those th'hadst overcome
Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, *Mum.*
But what a-vengeance makes the flie
From me too, as thine enemy?
Or if thou hast no thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet shame and honour might prevail
Too keep the thus from turning tail;

For who would grutch to spend his b'oud in
His honor's cause? Quoth she, a *Pudin*.
This said, his grief to anger turn'd,
Which in his manly stomack burn'd;
Thirst of Revenge, and Wrath, in place
Of Sorrow, now began to blaze.
He vow'd the Authors of his woe
Should equal vengeance undergoe;
And with his bones and flesh pay dear
For what he suffer'd and his Bear.
This b'ing resolv'd, with equal speed
And rage he hasted to proceed
To action straight, and giving ore
To search for *Bruin* any more,
He went in quest of *Hudibras*,
To find him out, where e're he was:
And if he were above ground, vow'd
He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.

But scarce had he a furlong on,
This resolute adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that Crew
Whom *Hudibras* did late subdue.
Honor, Revenge, Contempt and Shame,
Did equally their breasts inflame.
'Mong these the fierce *Magnano* was,
And *Talgol* foe to *Hudibras*;
Cerdon and *Colon*, Warriors stout
And resolute as ever fought:

Whom furious *Orsin* thus bespoke,
Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook
The vile affront, that paultry Asse,
And feeble *Scoundrel Hudibras*,
With that more paultry *Ragamuffin*
Ralpho, with vapouring, and huffing,
Have put upon us, like tame Cattel,
As if th' had routed us in battel?
For my part, it shall ne're be sed,
I for the washing gave my head:
Nor did I turn my back for fear
O'th' Rascalls, but losse of my *Bear*,
Which now I'm like to undergo;
For whether these fell wounds, or no,
He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,
Is more than all my skill can foretel.
Nor do I know what is become
Of him, *More than the Pope of Rome*,
But if I can but find them out
That caus'd it, (as I shall no doubt,
Where e're th' in hugger-mugger lurk)
I'le make them rue their handy-work;
And wish that they had rather dar'd
To pull the Devil by the Beard.
Quoth *Cerdon*, Noble *Orsin*, th' hast
Great reason to do as thou say'st;
And so has every body here,
As well as thou hast, or thy Bear.
Others may do as they see good;
But if this Twigg be made of wood

That

That will hold tack, I'le make the Fur
Flie 'bout the ears of the old Cur,
And th' other mungrel Vermin, *Ralph*,
That brav'd us all in his behalf.
Thy Bear is safe, and out of peril,
Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill.
My self, and *Trulla* made a shift
To help him out at a dead lift,
And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where hees safe enough.
There let him rest, for if we stay,
The Slaves may hap to get away.

This said, they all engag'd to joyn
Their Forces in the same Design:
And forthwith put themselves in search
Of *Hudibras* upon their march,
Where leave we them a while to tell
What the Victorious *Knight* befell:
For such, *Crowdero* being fast
In Dungeon shut, we left him last.
Triumphant Laurells seem'd to grow
No where so green as on his brow:
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With conquering toyl, he now retir'd
Unto a neighb'ring Castle by,
To rest his body, and apply
Fit Med'cines to each glorious bruise
He got in fight, *Reds*, *Blacks*, and *Blews*;

To mollifie the uneasie pang
Of ev'ry honourable bang.
Which b'ing by skilful Midwife dreſt,
He laid him down to take his reſt.
But all in vain: H' had got a hurt
O'th' inſide, of a deadlier ſort,
By *Cupid* made, who took his ſtand
Upon a widows joynture-land,
(For he, in all his amourous battels,
No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels)
As now he did, and aiming right,
An arrow he let flie at *Knight*;
The ſhaft againſt a rib did glance,
And gall him in the *Purtenance*,
But time had ſomewhat ſwag'd his pain,
After he found his ſuit in vain.
For that proud Dame, for whom his ſoul
Was burnt in's belly like a coal,
(That belly, that ſo oft did ake,
And ſuffer griping for her ſake,
Till purging Comfits, and Ants eggs,
Had almoſt brought him off his legs)
Us'd him ſo like a baſe *Raſcallion*,
That Old *Pig*: (what d'y' call him?) *malion*,
That cut his Miſtreſs out of ſtone,
Had not ſo hard-a-hearted one.
She had a thouſand jadiſh tricks,
Worſe than a Mule that flings and kicks:
'Mong which one croſs-grain'd freak ſhe had,
As inſolent, as ſtrange, and mad:

She could love none but only such
As scorn'd and hated her as much.
'Twas a strange Riddle of a Lady;
Not love, if any lov'd her? ha day!
So Cowards never use their might,
But against such as will not fight.
So some diseases have been found
Only to seize upon the sound.
He that gets her by heart, must say her
The back-way like a Witch's Prayer.
Meanwhile the *Knight* had no small task,
To compasse what he durst not ask.
He loves, but dares not make the motion,
Her *ignorance* is his *devotion*.
Like Caitiff vile, that for misdeed
Rides with his face to rump of Steed,
Or rowing Skull, he's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move:
Or like a Tumbler that does play
His game, and look another way,
Untill he seize upon the Coney:
Just so does he by Matrimony.
But all in vain: her subtle snout
Did quickly wind his meaning out;
Which she return'd with too much scorn,
To be by man of honour born.
Yet much he bore, untill the distresse
He suffer'd from his spightfull Mistresse
Did stir his stomack, and the pain
He had endur'd from her disdain

Turn'd

Turn'd to regret, so resolute,
That he resolv'd to wave his suit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play least in sight.
This resolution being put on,
He kept some months, and more had done,
But being brought so nigh by Fate,
The Victory he atchiev'd so late,
Did set his thoughts a-gog, and ope
A dore to discontinu'd hope.
That seem'd to promise he might win
His Dame too now his hand was in;
And that his Valour, and the honour
H' had newly gain'd, might work upon her.
These Reasons made his month to water
With amorous longings to be at her.
Quoth he unto himself, Who knows
But this brave Conquest o're my Foes
May reach her heart, and make that stoop,
As I but now have forc'd the Troop?
If nothing can oppugne Love,
And Vertue envious wayes can prove,
What may not he confide to do,
That brings both Love and Vertue too?
But thou bring'st Valour too, and Wit,
Two things that seldom fail to hit.
Valour's a Mouse-trap, Wit a Gin,
Which Women oft are taken in.
Then *Hudibras*, why should'st thou fear
To be, that art a Conquerer?

Fortune

Fortune th' audacious doth *juvare*
But let the timidous miscarry.
Then while the honour thou hast got
Is spick and span-new, piping hot,
Strike her np bravely, thou hadst best,
And trust thy fortune with the rest.
Such thoughts as these the *Knight* did keep,
More than his bangs, or fleas, from sleep.
And as an Owl, that in a Barn
Sees a Mouse creeping in the Corn,
Sits still, and shuts his round blew eyes,
As if he slept, until he spies
The little beast within his reach,
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch:
So from his Couch the *Knight* did start,
To seize upon the Widows heart;
Crying with hasty tone, and hoarse,
Ralpho, dispatch, to horse, to horse.
And 'twas but time, for now the Rout,
We left engag'd to seek him out,
By speedy marches were advanc'd
Up to the Fort where he ensconc'd,
And had all th' Avenues possest
About the Place, from East to West.
That done, a while they made a halt,
To view the ground, and where to assault:
Then Call'd a Council, which was best,
By siege, or onslaught, to invest
The Enemy: and 'twas agreed,
By storm, and onslaught to proceed;

This

This be'ng resolv'd, in comely sort,
They now drew up t'attack the sort.
When *Hudibras*, about to enter
Upon another gate's adventure,
To *Ralpho* call'd aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching storm.
Whether Dame Fortune, or the care
Of Angel bad, or Tutelar,
Did arm, or thrust him on a danger,
To which he was an utter stranger;
That Foresight might, or might not blot
The glory he had newly got;
Or to his shame it might be sed,
They took him napping in his bed:
To them we leave it to expound,
That deal in Sciences profound.
His Courser scarce he had bestrid,
And *Ralpho* that on which he rid;
When setting ope the Postern gate,
Which they thought best to sally at,
The Foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,
Ready to charge them in the field.
This somewhat startl'd the bold *Knight*,
Surpriz'd with the unexpected sight.
The bruises of his bones and flesh
He thought began to smart a fresh:
Till recollecting wonted Courage,
His fear was soon converted to rage.
And those he spoke: The Coward Foe,
Whom we but now gave quarter to,

Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears,
As if they had out run their fears.
The Glory we did lately get,
The fate commands us to repeit.
And to their wills we must succumb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom.
This is the same numerick Crew
Which we so lately did subdue,
The self-same individuals that
Did run, as Mice do from a Cat,
When we couragiously did weild
Our martial weapons in the field,
To tug for Victory: and when
We shall our shining blades agen
Brandish in terrour o're our heads,
They'l straight resume their wonted dreads.
Fear is an Ague, that forsakes
And haunts by turns those whom it takes.
And they'l opine they feel the pain
And blows, they felt to day, again.
Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.

This said, his Courage to enflame,
He call'd upon his *Mistress* name.
His Pistol next he cockt anew,
And out his nut-brown Whineard drew;
And placing *Ralpho* in the front,
Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt;

As expert Warriours use: then ply'd
With Iron heel his Courser's side,
Conveying sympathetick speed
From heel of *Knight* to heel of Steed.

Mean while the Foe with equal rage,
And speed, advancing to engage,
Both Parties now were drawn so close,
Almost to come to handy-blows.
When *Orsin* first let flie a stone
At *Ralpho*; not so huge a one
As that which *Diomed* did maul
Æneas on the bum withall:
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T' have sent him to another world;
Whether above-ground, or below,
Which *Saints twice dipt* are destin'd to.
The danger startled the bold *Squire*,
And made him some few steps retire,
But *Hudibras* advanc'd to's aid,
And rous'd his spirits half dismay'd.
He, wisely doubting, lest the shot
Of th' Enemy, now growing hot,
Might at a distance gall, prest close,
To come, pell-mell, to handy-blows:
And that he might their aim decline,
Advanc'd still in an oblique line;
But prudently forbore to fire,
Till breast to breast he had got nigher.

As expert Warriours use to do,
When hand to hand they charge the foe.
This order the advent'rous *Knight*,
Most Souldier-like observ'd in fight:
When Fortune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle,
And for the foe began to stickle.
The more shame for her Goody-ship,
To give so near a friend the slip.
For *Colon* chusing out a stone,
Levell'd so right, it thumpt upon
His manly paunch with such a force,
As almost beat him off his horse.
He loos'd his Whineard, and the rein;
But laying fast hold on the mane,
Preserv'd his seat: And as a Goose
In death contracts his talons close;
So did the *Knight*, and with one claw
The tricker of his Pistol draw.
The Gun went off: and as it was
Still fatal to stout *Hudibras*,
In all his feats of Arms, when least
He dreamt of it, to prosper best;
So now he far'd: the shot let fly
At random 'mong the enemy,
Pierc'd *Talgol*'s Gabberdine, and grazing
Upon his shoulder, in the passing
Lodg'd in *Magnano*'s brass Habergeon,
Who straight *a Surgeon* cry'd, *a Surgeon*.
He tumbled down, and as he fell,
Did *Murther, murther, murther* yell.

This ſtartled their whole body ſo,
That if the *Knights* had not let go
His Arms, but been in warlike plight,
H' had won (the ſecond time) the fight.
As *Ralpho* turn'd; but he with care
Of *Hudibras* his hurt forbare,
To preſs th' advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the reſt diſhearten.
For he with *Cerdon* b'ing engag'd
In cloſe encounter, they both wag'd
The fight ſo well, 'twas hard to ſay
Which ſide was like to get the day.
And now the buſie work of death
Had tir'd them ſo, th' agreed to breath,
Preparing to renew the fight;
When the diſaſter of the *Knight*
And th' other party did divert
Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.
Ralpho preſt up to *Hudibras*,
And *Cerdon* where *Magnano* was;
Each ſtriving to confirm his party
With ſtout encouragements and hearty.
Quoth *Ralpho*, Courage, valiant Sir,
And let revenge and honour ſtir
Your ſpirits up, once more fall on,
The ſhatter'd foe begins to run.
For if but half ſo well you knew
To uſe your Victory as fobdue,
They durſt not, after ſuch a blow
As you have given them, face us now;

But

But from so formidable a Souldier
Had fled like Crows when they smell powder.
Thrice have they seen your sword aloft,
Wav'd o're their heads, and fled as oft.
But if you let them recollect
Their spirits, now dismay'd and cheap,
You'l have a harder game to play,
Then yet y'have had to get the day.

Thus spoke the stout *Squire*; but was heard
Of *Hudibras* with small regard.
His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, than *Ralph*'s harangue;
To which he answer'd, Cruel fate
Tells me thy counsel comes too late.
The knotted blood within my hose,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal *Crisis* doth portend
My days to appropinque an end.
I am for action now unfit,
Either of fortitude or wit.
Fortune my foe begins to frown,
Resolv'd to pull my stomack down.
I am not apt upon a wound,
Or trivial basting to despond:
Yet I'd be loath my days to curtail.
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
Or that we'd time enough as yet
To make an honourable retreat,

'Twere the best course; but if they find
We flie, and leave our Arms behind,
For them to seize on, the dishonour
And danger too is such, I'le sooner
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,
To let them see I am no starter.
In all the trade of War, no fear
Is nobler than a brave retreat.

This said, the *Squire* with active speed
Dismounted from his bonny Steed,
To seize the Arms which by mischance
Fell from the bold *Knight* in a trance.
These being found out, and restor'd
To *Hudibras*, their natural Lord,
As a man may say, with might and main
He hasted to get up again.
Thrice he assay'd to mount aloft
But by his weighty bum as oft
He was pull'd back, till having found
Th' advantage of the rising ground,
Thither he led his warlike steed,
And having plac'd him right, with speed
Prepar'd again to scale the beast.
Whom *Orsin*, who had newly dresst
The bloody scar upon the shoulder
Of *Talgol* with *Promethean* powder,
And now was searching for the shot
That laid *Magnano* on the spot,

Beheld

Beheld the sturdy *Squire* aforesaid
Preparing to climb up his horse-side.
He left his Cure, and laying hold
Upon his Arms, with courage bold
Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally,
The enemy begins to rally:
Let us that are unhurt and hole
Fall on, and happy man be's dole.

This said, like to a thunderbolt
He flew, with fury, to th' assault,
Striving the enemy to attack,
Before he reacht his horse's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'rethwart his Beast with active vaut-
Wrigling his body to recover ing,
His seat, and cast his right leg over;
When *Orsin* rushing in, bestow'd
On horse and man so heavy a load,
The Beast was startled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough *Squire* like a Sack,
Or stout King *Richard*, on his back:
Till stumbling he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd, and cast into a Sown.
Mean while the *Knight* began to rouse
The sparkles of his wonted prowess;
He thrust his hand into his hose,
And found both by his eys and nose,

'Twas only Choler, and not blood,
That from his wounded body flow'd.
This, with the hazard of the *Squire*,
Inflam'd him with despightful ire;
Couragiously he fac'd about,
And drew his other Pistol out,
And now had half way bent the Cock,
When *Cerdon* gave so fierce a shock,
With sturdy truncheon, thwart his arm,
That down it fell, and did no harm:
Then stoutly pressing on with speed,
Assay'd to pull him off his steed.
The *Knight* his Sword had only left,
With which he *Cerdon*'s head had cleft,
Or at the least cropt off a limb,
But *Orsin* came and rescu'd him.
He with his Launce attack'd the *Knight*
Upon his quarters opposite,
But as a Bark that in foul weather,
Toss'd by two adverse winds together,
Is bruis'd, and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to:
So far'd the *Knight* between two foes,
And knew not which of them t' oppose.
Till *Orsin* charging with his Lance
At *Hudibras*, by spightful chance
Hit *Cerdon* such a bang, as stunn'd
And laid him flat upon the ground.
At this the *Knight* began to chear up,
And raising up himself on stirrup,

Cry'd

Cry'd out *Victoria*; lye thou there,
And I shall straight dispatch another,
To bear thee company in death:
But first I'le halt a while and breath.
As well he might: for *Orsin* griev'd
At th' wound that *Cerdon* had receiv'd,
Ran to relieve him with his lore,
And cure the hurt he made before.
Meanwhile the *Knight* had wheel'd about,
To breath himself, and next find out
Th' advantage of the ground, where best
He might the ruffled foe infest.
This being resolv'd, he spurr'd his steed,
To run at *Orsin* with full speed,
While he was busy in the care
Of *Cerdon's* wound, and unaware:
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part apply'd remedy;
And seeing th' enemy prepar'd,
Drew up, and stood upon his guard.
Then like a Warrior right expert
And skilful in the Martial Art,
The subtle *Knight* straight made a halt
And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,
Until he had relievd the *Squire*,
And then (in order) to retire;
Or, as occasion should invite,
With forces joyn'd renew the fight.
Ralpho by this time disentranc'd,
Upon his Bum himself advanc'd,

Though sorely bruis'd; his limbs all o're
With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore.
Right fain he would have got upon
His feet again, to get him gone;
When *Hudibras* to aid him came.

Quoth he (and call'd him by his name)
Courage, the day at length is ours,
And we once more as Conquerours,
Have both the field and honour won,
The Foe is profligate and run:
I mean all such as can, for some
This hand hath sent to their long home;
And some lye sprawling on the ground,
With many a gash, and bloody wound.
Cæsar himself could never say
He got two Victories in a day,
As I have done, that can say, twice I,
In one day, *Veni, vidi, vici.*
The Foe's so numerous, that we
Cannot so often *vincere*
As they *perire*, and yet enough
Be left to strike an after-blow.
Then lest they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the busnesse o're,
Get up, and mount thy Steed, dispatch,
And let us both their motions watch.

Quoth *Ralph*, I should not, if I were
In case for action, now be here;

No

Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
An arse for fear of being bang'd:
It was for you I got these harms,
Advent'ring to fetch off your Arms.
The blows and drubs I have receiv'd,
Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd
My limbs of strength: unless you stoop,
And reach your hand to pull me up,
I shall lie here, and be a prey
To those who now are run away.

That thou shalt not (quoth *Hudibras:*)
We read, the Antients held it was
More honourable far *Servare*
Civem, then slay an adversary.
The one we oft to day have done;
The other shall dispatch anon.
And though th'art of a different Church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch.

This said, he jogg'd his good Steed nigher,
And steer'd him gently toward the *Squire*:
Then bowing down his body, stretcht
His hand out, and ad *Ralpho* reacht;
When *Trulla*, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him like Lightening behind.
She had been long in search about
Magnano's wound, to find it out:
But could find none, nor where the shot
That had so startled him was got.

But

But having found the worst was past,
She fell to her own work at last,
The Pillage of the Prisoners,
Which in all fears of Arms was hers:
And now to plunder *Ralph* she flew,
When *Hudibras* his hard fate drew
To succour him; for as he bow'd
To help him up, she laid a load
Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,
On th' other side, that down he fell.

Yield, *Scoundrel* base (quoth she) or dye;
Thy life is mine, and liberty;
But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
And dar'st presume to be so hardy,
To try thy fortune o're afresh,
I'le wave my title to thy flesh,
Thy Arms and baggage, now my right,
And if thou hast the heart to try't,
I'le lend thee back thy self a while,
And once more for that Carcase vile
Fight upon tick---Quoth *Hudibras*,

Thou offer'st nobly valiant Lass,
And I shall take thee at thy word.
First let me rise, and take my sword;
That sword, which has so oft this day,
Through Squadrons of my foes made way,
And some to other worlds dispatcht,
Now with a feeble Spinster matcht,

Will

Will blush with blood ignoble stain'd,
By which no honour's to be gain'd.
But if thou'lt take m' advice in this,
Consider while thou mayst, what 'tis
To interrupt a Victor's course,
B' opposing such a trivial force.
For if with Conquest I come off,
(And that I shall do sure enough)
Quarter thou canst not have, nor grace,
By Law of Arms, in such a case;
Both which I now do offer freely.

I scorn (quoth she) thou Coxcomb silly,
(Clapping her hand upon her breech,
To shew how much she priz'd his speech)
Quarter or counsel from a foe:
If thou canst force me to it, do.
But lest it should again be said,
When I have once more wore thy head,
I took thee napping unprepar'd,
Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.

This said, she to her tackle fell,
And on the *Knight* let fall a peal
Of blows so fierce, and prest so home,
That he retir'd, and follow'd's bum.
Stand to't, quoth she, or yield to mercy,
It is not fighting *Arse-verse*
Shall serve thy turn----This stirr'd his spleen
More than the danger he was in,

The

The blows he felt or was to feel,
Although th' already made him reel.
Honour, despight, revenge, and shame,
At once unto his stomack came;
Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his arm
Above his head, and rain'd a storm
Of blows so terrible and thick,
As if he meant to hash her quick.
But she upon her truncheon took them,
And by oblique diversion broke them;
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with usury.
Which long she fail'd not of, for now
The *Knight* with one dead-doing blow,
Resolving to decide the fight,
And she with quick and cunning slight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charg'd upon it was so great,
As almost sway'd him to the ground.
No sooner she th' advantage found,
But in she flew, and seconding
With home-made thrust the heavy swing,
She laid him flat upon his side,
And mounting on his trunk a-stride,
Quoth she, I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring, base Scum.
Shall I have quarter now? you Ruffin;
Or wilt thou be worse than thy huffing? (thou:
Thou saidst th' would'st kill me, marry would'st
Why dost thou not, thou *Jack-a-Nods* thou?

Why

Why doſt not put me to the ſword?
But cowardly flie from thy word?

Quoth *Hudibras*, the day's thine own;
Thou and thy ſtars have caſt me down:
My Laurels are tranſplanted now,
And flouriſh on thy conqu'ring brow;
My loſs of honour's great enough,
Thou needſt not brand it with a ſcoff:
Sarcaſmes may eclipſe thine own,
But cannot blur my loſt renown:
I am not now in Fortunes power,
He that is down can fall no lower.
The antient *Heroes* were illuſtrious
For being benign, and not bluſtrous,
Againſt a vanquiſht foe: their ſwords
Were ſharp and trencheant, not their words;
And did in fight but cut work out
T' employ their courteſies about.

Quoth ſhe, Although thou haſt deſerv'd,
Baſe *Slubberdegullion*, to be ſerv'd
As thou didſt vow to deal with me,
If thou hadſt got the Victory,
Yet I ſhall rather act a part
That ſuits my fame, than thy deſert.
Thy Arms, thy liberty, beſide
All that's on th' outſide of thy hide,
Are mine by military law,
Of which I will not bate one ſtraw:

The reſt, thy life and limbs, once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I reſtore.

Quoth *Hudibras*, it is too late
For me to treat, or ſtipulate;
What thou command'ſt I muſt obey:
Yet thoſe whom I expung'd to day,
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life, and freedom too,
Both *Dogs* and *Bear*, upon their parol,
Whom I took priſoners in this quarrel.

Quoth *Trulla*, Whether thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me; but was't not thou
That gave *Crowdero* quarter too?
Crowdero, whom Irons bound,
Thou baſely threw'ſt into *Lob's pound*:
Where ſtill he lies, and with regret
His generous bowels rage and fret.
But now thy Carcaſe ſhall redeem,
And ſerve to be exchange for him.

This ſaid, the *Knight* did ſtraight ſubmit,
And laid his weapons at her feet.
Next he diſrob'd his Gaberdine,
And with it did himſelf reſign.

She

She took it, and forthwith divesting
The Mantle that she wore, said jesting,
Take that, and wear it for my sake;
Then threw it o're his sturdy back.

And as the *French* we conquer'd once,
Now give us Laws for Pantaloons,
The length of Breeches, and the Gathers,
Port-canons, Perriwigs, and Feathers,
Just so the proud insulting Lass
Array'd, and dighted *Hudibras*.

Mean while the other Champions, yerst
In hurry of the fight dispers'd,
Arriv'd, when *Trulla* 'd won the day,
To share in th' honour, and the prey,
And out of *Hudibras* his hide,
With vengeance to be satisfy'd;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden shower.
But *Trulla* thrust her self between,
And striding o're his back agen,
She brandisht o're her head his sword,
And vow'd they should not break her word;
Sh' had giv'n him quarter, and her blood
Or theirs, should make that quarter good.
For she was bound by Law of Arms,
To see him safe from further harms,

In Dungeon deep *Crowdero* caſt
By *Hudibras*, as yet lay faſt,
Where, to the hard and ruthleſs ſtones,
His great heart made perpetual mones.
Him ſhe reſolv'd that *Hudibras*
Should ranſome, and ſupply his place.

This ſtopt their fury, and the haſting
Which toward *Hudibras* was haſting.
They thought it was but juſt and right,
That what ſhe had atchiev'd in fight,
She ſhould diſpoſe of how ſhe pleas'd;
Crowdero ought to be releas'd;
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this ſhe pitcht upon:
For who a better could imagine?
This therefore they reſolv'd t' engage in.

The *Knight* and *Squier* firſt they made
Riſe from the ground were they were laid;
Then mounted both upon their Horſes,
But with their faces to the *Arſes*,
Orſin led *Hudibras* his beaſt,
And *Talgol* that which *Ralpho* preſt,
Whom ſtout *Magnano*, valiant *Cerdon*,
And *Colon* waited as a Guard on.
All uſh'ring *Trulla*, in the Rear,
With th' Arms of either Priſoner.

In

In this proud order and array
They put themselvs upon their way,
Striving to reach th' *Enchanted Castle*,
Where stout *Crowdero* in Durance lay still.
Thither with greater speed, than shows
And triumphs over conquer'd Foes
Do use t' allow, or then the *Bears*,
Or *Pageants* born before *Lord Mayors*
Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd,
In order Souldier-like contriv'd,
Still marching in a warlike posture,
As fit for battel, as for muster.
The *Knight*, and *Squire* they first unhorse,
And bending 'gainst the Fort their force,
They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the *Magical Redoubt*,
Magnan' led up in this Adventure,
And made way for the rest to enter,
For he was skilful in *Black Art*,
No less than he that built the Fort;
And with an Iron Mace laid flat
A breach, which straight all enter'd at,
And in the Wooden Dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground.
Him they release from Durance base,
Restor'd t' his *Fiddle*, and his *Case*,
And liberty, his thirsty rage
With lushious vengeance to assuage.
For he no sooner was at large,
But *Trulla* straight brought on her charge,

And in the self-same *Limbo* put
The *Knight*, and *Squire*, where he was shut.
Where leaving them in *Hockly i'th' Hole*,
Their bangs, and durance to condole,
Confin'd, and conjur'd into narrow
Enchanted Mansion, to know sorrow;
In the same order and array
Which they advanc'd, they marcht away.

But *Hudibras*, who scorn'd to stoop
To Fortune, or be said to droop,
Cheer'd up himself with ends of Verse,
And sayings of Philosophers.
Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind,
Is *Sui juris*, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the heels,
Whate're the other moity feels.
'Tis not restraint, or liberty,
That makes men Prisoners, or free;
But perturbations that possess
The mind or Æquanimities.
The whole World was not half so wide
To *Alexander*, when he cry'd
Because he had but one to subdue,
As was a paultry narrow Tub to
Diogenes, who is not sed,
(For ought that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i'th' eye, and sob,
Because h' had ne're another *Tub*.

The Antients make two ſeveral kinds
Of Prowes in heroick minds,
The *Active*, and the *Paſſive* valiant;
Both which are *pari libra* gallant:
For both to give blows, and to carry,
In fights are equeneceſſary;
But in Defeats, the Paſſive ſtout,
Are always found to ſtand it out
Moſt deſp'rately, and to out-do
The Active, 'gainſt a conqu'ring Foe.
Though we with blacks and blews are ſuggill'd,
Or, as the Vulgar ſay, are *Cudgell'd*:
He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Though drub'd, can loſe no honour by't.
Honour's *a leaf for time to come*,
And cannot be *extended* from
The legal Tenant: 'tis a Chattel,
Not to be forfeited in battel.
If he that is in battel ſlain,
Be in the *Bed of Honour* lain;
He that is beaten, may be ſed.
To lye in Honour's *Truckle-bed*.
For as we ſee th' eclipſed Sun,
By mortals is more gaz'd upon,
Then when adorn'd with all his light,
He ſhines in ſerene Sky moſt bright:
So Valour in a low eſtate
Is moſt admir'd, and wonder'd at.

Quoth *Ralp*, How great I do not know,
We may by being beaten grow;
But none that see how here we sit,
Will judge us over-grown with wit.
As *Gifted Brethren* Preaching by
A *Carnal Hour-Glass*, do imply
Illumination can convey
Into them what they have to say,
But not how much: so well enough
Know you to charge, but not draw off.
For who, without a *Cap*, and *Bauble*,
Having subdu'd a *Bear*, and *Rabble*,
And might with honour have come off,
Would put it to a second proof;
A politick Exploit, right fit
For *Prezbyterian Zeal*, and *Wit*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, That Cuckow's tone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon:
When thou at any thing would'st rail,
Thou mak'st *Presbytery* thy scale
To take the height on't, and explain
To what degree it is prophane.
Whats'ever will not with thy (*What d'y' call*
Thy *Light* jump right, thou call'st *Synodical*.
As if *Presbytery* were a standard
To size whats'ever's to be slander'd.
Dost not remember, how this day,
Thou to my Beard wast bold to say,

That thou could'st prove *Bear-baiting* equal
With *Synods*, Orthodox, and Legal?
Do if thou canst, for I deny't,
And dare thee to't, with all thy *Light*.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Truly that is no
Hard matter for a man to do,
That has but any *guts in's brains*,
And could believe it worth his pains.
But since you dare, and urge me to it,
You'l find I've Light enough to do it.

Synods are mystical *Bear-Gardens*,
Where *Elders*, *Deputies*, *Church-wardens*,
And other Members of the Court,
Manage the *Babylonish* sport.
For *Prolocutor*, *Scribe*, and *Bearward*,
Do differ only in a meer word,
Both are but sev'ral Synagogues
Of *Carnal Men*, and *Bears*, and *Dogs*:
Both *Antichristian Assemblies*,
To mischief bent, as far's in them lies:
Both stave, and tail, with fierce Contests,
The one with men, the other beasts.
The diff'rence is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with the teeth;
And that they bait but *Bears* in this,
In th' other *Souls* and *Consciences*;
Where *Saints* themselves are brought to stake,
For *Gospel light*, and *Conscience* sake;

Expos'd to *Scribes* and *Presbyters*,
Instead of *Mastive-Dogs* and *Curs*;
Then whom th' have less humanity,
For these at souls of men will flie.
This to the *Prophet* did appear,
Who in a Vision saw a *Bear*,
Prefiguring the beastly rage
Of *Church-rule* in this latter age:
As is demonstrated at full
By him that baited the *Pope's Bull*.
Bears naturally are beasts of Prey,
That live by rapine so do they.
What are their *Orders*, *Constitutions*,
Church-censures, *Curses*, *Absolutions*,
But sev'ral mystick chains they make,
To tye poor Christians to the stake?
And then set heathen *Officers*,
Instead of *Dogs*, about their ears,
For to prohibit and dispence,
To find out or to make offence,
Of hell and heaven to dispose,
To play with souls at fast and loose;
To set what Characters they please,
And mulcts on sin or godliness,
Reduce the Church to *Gospel-order*;
By *Rapine*, *Sacriledge*, and *Murther*;
To make *Presbytery* supream,
And *Kings* themselves submit to them;
And force all people, though against
Their *Consciences*, to turn *Saints*,

Must

Must prove a pretty thriving trade,
When *Saints* Monopolists are made.
When *pious* frauds, and *holy* shifts,
Are *Dispensations*, and *Gifts*,
There *Godliness* becomes mere ware,
And ev'ry *Synod* but a Fair.

Synods are Whelps of th' *Inquisition*,
A mungrel breed of like pernicion,
And growing up, became the Sires
Of *Scribes*, *Commissioners*, and *Triers*:
Whose bus'ness is, by cunning sleight,
To cast a figure for mens *Light*:
To find in lines of beard, and face,
The Physiognomy of *Grace*;
And by the sound, and *twang of Nose*,
If all be *sound* within disclose,
Free from a crack, or flaw of sinning,
As men try *Pipkins* by the ringing.
By *Black Caps*, underlaid with *White*,
Give certain guess at inward *Light*;
Which *Serjeants at the Gospel* wear,
To make the *Spiritual Calling* clear.
The *Hand-kercher* about the Neck,
(Canonical *Crabat* of *Smeck*,
From whom the institution came
When Church and State they set on flame,
And worn by them, as badges then
Of *Spiritual-Warfaring* men)

Judge rightly if *Regeneration*
Be of the *newest cut* in fashion.
Sure 'tis an Orthodox opinion,
That *grace is founded in dominion*.
Great *piety* consists in pride;
To *rule*, is to be *sanctified*:
To domineer, and to controul,
Both o're the body, and the soul,
Is the most perfect *Discipline*
Of Church-rule, and by *right Divine*.
Bell, and the *Dragon's* Chaplains were
More moderate than these by far:
For they (poor Knaves) were glad to cheat,
To get their Wives and Children meat;
But these will not be fobb'd off so.
They must have wealth, and power too,
Or else with blood, and desolation,
They'l tear it out o'th' heart o'th' Nation.

Sure these themselves from Primitive,
And Heathen Priesthood do derive,
When *Butchers* were the only *Clerks*,
Elders, and *Presbyters* of *Kirks*,
Whose *Directory* was to *kill*;
And some believe it is so still.
The only diff'rence is, that then
They slaughter'd only *beasts*, now *men*.
For then to sacrifice a bullock,
Or now and then a Child to *Molock*,

They

They count a vile Abomination,
But not to ſlaughter a whole *Nation*:
Presbytery does but tranſlate
The Papacy to a *Free-State*,
A *Common-Wealth of Popery*,
Where ev'ry Village is a *See*,
As well as *Rome*, and muſt maintain
A *Tithe-Pig-Metropolitan*:
Where ev'ry *Presbyter*, and *Deacon*,
Commands the *Keyes* for cheeſe and bacon;
And ev'ry Hamlet's governed
By's *Holineſſe*, the *Church's Head*,
More haughty, and ſevere in's place,
Then *Gregory*, and *Boniface*.
Such Church muſt (ſurely) be a Monſter
With many Heads: for if we conſter
What in th' *Apocalyps* we find,
According to th' Apoſtle's mind,
'Tis that the *Whore of Babylon*
With many Heads, did ride upon.
Which Heads denote the ſinful Tribe
Of *Deacon*, *Prieſt*, *Lay-Elder*, *Scribe*,
Lay-Elder, *Simeon* to *Levi*,
Whoſe little finger is as heavy
As loyns of Patriarchs, Prince-Prelate,
And Biſhop-ſecular. This Zealot
Is of a mungrel, diverſe kind,
Clerick before, and *Lay* behind;
A lawleſs *Linſie-Wolſie Brother*,
Half of one Order, half another;

A Creature of amphibious nature,
On land a beast, a fish in water;
That always preys on grace, or sin;
A Sheep without, a Wolf within.
This fierce Inquisitor has chief
Dominion over mens belief,
And manners; can pronounce a *Saint*
Idolatrous, or Ignorant,
When superciliously he sifts
Through coursest boulter others *Gifts*.
For all men live, and judge amiss,
Whose *Talents* jump not just with his.
He'l lay on *Gifts* with hands, and place
On dullest Noddle, *Light*, and *Grace*,
The manufacture of the *Kirk*,
Whose Pastors are but th' Handy-work
Of his Mechanick Paws, instilling
Diviniry in them by feeling.
From whence they start up *Chosen Vessels*,
Made by Contract, as men get *Meazels*.
So *Cardinals*, they say, do grope
At th' other end the new-made *Pope*.

Hold, hold, quoth *Hudibras*, *Soft Fire*,
They say, *does make sweet Mault*. Good *Squire*,
Festina lente, not too fast,
For *haste* (the Proverb sayes) *makes waste*.
The quirks and cavills thou dost make
Are false, and built upon mistake.

And

And I shall bring you, with your pack
Of *Fallacies*, t' *Elenchi* back;
And put your Arguments in mood
And figure, to be understood.
I'le force you by right ratiocination
To leave your *Vitilitigation*,
And make you keep to th' question close,
And argue *Dialecticõs*.

The Question then, to state it first,
Is which is *better*, or which *worst*,
Synods or *Bears*. *Bears* I avow
To be the worst, and *Synods* thou.
But to make good th' Assertion,
Thou say'st th'are really *all one*.
If so, not *worst*; for if th' are *idem*,
Why that *Tantundem dat tandidem*.
For if they are the same, by course
Neither is *better*, neither *worse*.
But I deny they are the same,
More than a *Maggot* and I am.
That both are *Animalia*,
I grant, but not *Rationalia*:
For though they do agree in kind,
Specifick difference we find,
And can no more make *Bears* of these,
Then prove *my Horse is Socrates*.

That *Synods* are *Bear-gardens* too,
Thou dost affirm; but I say no.

And thus I prove it, in a Word,
Whats'ever *Assembly*'s not impow'rd
To *censure*, *curse*, *absolve*, and *ordain*,
Can be no *Synods*: but *Bear-Garden*
Has no such pow'r, *Ergo*, 'tis none,
And so thy Sophistry's o'rethrown.

But yet we are beside the Question
Which thou didst raise the first Contest on;
For that was, Whether *Bears* are better
Than *Synod-men*; I say *Negatur*.
That *Bears* are *Beasts*, and *Synods Men*,
Is held by all: they're better then.
For *Bears* and *Dogs* on *four* leggs go,
As beasts, but *Synod men* on *two*.
'Tis true, they have all *teeth* and *nails*;
But prove that *Synod-men* have *tails*;
Or that a rugged, shaggy *Fur*
Grows o're the hyde of *Presbyter*;
Or that his *snout*, and *spacious ears*,
Do hold proportion with a *Bear*'s.
A *Bear*'s a savage beast, of all
Most ugly, and unnatural,
Whelpt without form, until the Dam
Have lickt him into shape and frame:
But all thy *Light* can ne're evict,
That ever *Synod-man* was *lickt*;
Or brought to any other fashion,
Than his own will, and inclination.

But

But thou doſt further yet in this
Oppugne thy ſelf, and ſenſe, that is,
Thou would'ſt have *Presbyters* to go
For *Bears*, and *Dogs*, and *Bearwards* too.
A ſtrange *Chimæra* of beaſts and men,
Made up of pieces Heterogene,
Such as in Nature never met
In eodem ſubjecto yet.

Thy other Arguments are all
Suppoſures, hypothetical,
That do but beg, and we may chuſe
Either to grant them, or refuſe.
Much thou haſt ſaid, which I know when,
And where, thou ſtol'ſt from other men,
(Whereby 'tis plain, thy *Light*, and *Gifts*,
Are all but plagary ſhifts;
And is the ſame that *Ranter* ſed,
That arguing with me, broke my head,
And tore a handful of my beard,
The ſelf-ſame Cavils then I heard,
When b'ing in hot diſpute about
This Controverſie, we fell out;
And what thou know'ſt I anſwer'd then,
Will ſerve to anſwer thee agen.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Nothing but the abuſe
Of *Humane Learning* you produce;
Learning, that Cobweb of the brain,
Profane, Erroneous, and Vain;

A trade of knowledge as repleat
As others are with fraud and cheat;
An art t' incumber *Gifts*, and Wit,
And render both for nothing fit;
Makes Light unactive, dull, and troubled,
Like little *David* in *Saul*'s Doublet;
A Cheat that Scholors put upon
Other mens Reason, and their own;
A Fort of Errour, to ensconce
Absurdity, and Ignorance;
That renders all the avenues
To truth impervious, and abstruse,
By making plain things in debate,
By art, perplext, and intricate:
For nothing goes for Sense, or *Light*,
That will not with old Rules jump right.
As if Rules were not in the Schools
Deriv'd from truth, but truth from Rules.

This *Pagan, Heathenish Invention*,
Is good for nothing but Contention,
For as in sword-and-buckler fight,
All blows do on the target light:
So when men argue, the great'st part
O'th' Contest falls on terms of Art,
Until the fustian stuff be spent.
And then they fall to th' Argument.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Friend *Ralph*, thou hast
Out-run the Constable at last;

For

For thou art fallen on a new
Diſpute, as ſenſeleſs, and untrue,
But to the former oppoſite,
And *contrary, as black to white;*
Mere *Diſparata*, that concerning
Prerbytery, this, *Humane Learning;*
Two things ſ' averſe, they never yet
But in thy rambling fancy met.
But I ſhall take a fit occaſion
T' evince thee by Ratiocination,
Some other time, in place more proper
Than this w' are in: therefore let's ſtop here,
And reſt our wearied bones a while,
Already tir'd with other toyl.

FINIS.